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PUBLICATION.

THE GOOSEQUILL

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477

THE CODSCOMBE

Vol. 1.

EDITED BY

HAM.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM.

DEDICATION.

TO FATHER GOLDEN.

Months have flown; the home we cherished
So, alas! no longer ours,
But its memories have not perished
In the weary flight of hours.

Still they live, and living give they
Lonely gladness to the mind,
Deathless, bright, and fadeless live they,
With our very selves combined.

And among them, none is nearer
To the hearts whereon they rest,
None more cherished, valued dearer,
Treasured with more love than this.

Thine, to whom this simple token,
Effort of a happier date,
We, with friendship still unbroken,
Kindly, gladly dedicate!

E. G.

PREFACE.

"How beautiful, through the dim vista of years, seems that brief moonlight track upon the waters of our youth!"

Friends,-

The poetry and elegance of this thought cannot fail to arrest your attention. But therein lies not its greatest charm. With us it does more than awaken admiration; it touches a tender chord of the heart, it opens an outlet for the waters of memory, and lo! in a moment the bosom is overflowing with stirring reminiscences of the past!

Of that past we now seek to present some relics; of "that brief moonlight track", which we traversed hand in hand, are the following pages intended as a record. To you, who have [illegible]

fascinately offered these few leaves; for you and for ourselves have we expended on them some time and some trouble. We offer them, not because of any little merit they may possess, not to win for our compositions either praise or admiration. Our object, we can say it with sincerity and without presumption, has been nobler and more disinterested.

Months have elapsed since we were your companions; years may glide by, and we may never meet again. Youth's chapter is not yet concluded, but its fairest pages have been turned; & as now memory delights in straying back to scenes, only to be revisited by her ideal shape, - so too, when the other divisions of life's great work have been perused, when youthful joy has passed into ripening experience and vexing cares, - when manhood wakes from ambitious dreams, to find itself vested in the silvered livery of age, - when the pilgrim of life hails a few paces from the tomb, to muse over his long wandering, and

to ask pardon for the transgressions of his journey;— oh, gazed at from each and every point in the highway of our earthly course, beautiful, beautiful indeed will seem "that brief moonlight track upon the waters of our youth"!

Why not therefore seek to strengthen the tie which may hereafter unite us with such halcyon days? Why not strive to create a chain of mutual sympathies, which will connect us together, and will bind us by reciprocal affections to the scenes and places that coming years shall consecrate, as the homes of our happiest boyhood?

Our end has been to forge one of the links of this chain. We have imagined that in the Goose Quill you would recognize an old acquaintance; that in its pages you would discover many incidents of our past companionship and many familiar circumstances of our common College life,— not to say many productions of your own pens; that in perusing its columns you would trace the lineaments of an ancient friend,—

and reverting from these to their editors, you would recall the features of former companions, - and that finally, this little gift, though valueless in itself, yet tendered as a proof of interest & affection, might beget within your breasts Kindly associations for the future.

Such has been our hope, and such our object. We canvass not for literary honors; we merely ask for friendly memories among you.

Our success, if we achieve any, will in the future rise up amid the graves of the past, - a monument erected over the dearest of buried forms and things.

The Goose-Quill

NOV. 5. | No. 1. | 1854.

The Goose-Quill is published every second week by

HAM Esq.

All communications should be addressed to 'Ham' and deposited in the letter-box in the Reading Room.

Articles intended for insertion should be sent in at least five days before the publication of the paper. Such as are received later however will be inserted in a subsequent number, if deemed worthy.

Correspondents are requested to avoid all personalities in their communications, as we intend to admit into our columns nothing capable of wounding, in the smallest degree, the feelings of any one.

Originality will be considered indispensable.

Our "Envoi."

Respected readers,.

Let us first ask you what you think of the name of our paper? If you like it, so much the better: if you do not, - well, we cannot help it. The Goose Quill has not come into existence as suddenly as it may seem; it is the offspring of much thought and mature premeditation. Long have we nursed the idea of producing our Goose Quill, & at length has our idea ripened and our wish b

crowned. It may appear but trifling to some, but our undertaking is indeed a difficult one, and therefore do we crave the assistance of friends. We will make no enemies by our editorial power; we shall ... claim the right of self defence, but if attacked, excuse us if we endeavour to wield our Goose Quill to the destruction of our enemies. We start forth with no prejudices: let our readers then be generous and follow our example; and if we commit faults, for commit them we must, let them not

... view them with a critic's eye,
But pass our imperfections by."

So much for an exordium; and now let us expose to you, in as few words as possible, the plan of our paper.

It will be issued semi-monthly, and although we do not dare to say that it shall be devoted to "Literature" (for literature is a big word), still it shall be devoted to the recreation and amusement of all, at the same time that it will afford an opportunity to those who may be desirous of trying their wings in the realms of fancy and imagination, or of directing the glorious nine to direct their pens. We call on all for contributions, and if they are deemed worthy of insertion in the columns of the Goose Quill, the authors will always have the pleasure of seeing their productions read by their fellow-students.

With these few words in the way of an Envoi do we send forth the first number of our paper, with high hopes of encouragement & success. And now it only remains for us to say —

GOD SPEED THE GOOSEQUILL!

The Coming of the Wise Men into the Temple.

FROM THE 5th BOOK OF THINGS

CHAP. 999

1. In the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and fifty four, in the month which is called October on the twelfth day thereof, there came unto a place of great renown three mighty men.

2. And they were followed by many of their friends, and with the mightiest of the three there came a horse who followeth his master and goeth with him whersoever he goeth.

3. And they entered into the Temple where were gathered together the people, and their chief-priests, and the rulers of the land, together with those who had come from afar, from the dwellings of the Pharisees.

4. And there were also in the Temple many Greeks who had journeyed thither from the city of the Gentiles wherein they dwelt.

5. And being entered into the temple, they went upon an eminence and showed themselves unto the people: and then there was a loud noise.

6. And one among the people calling out said: "Three cheers for the Bishops!" which being interpreted meaneth: "Brethren, let us shout!" and the people thrice raised their voices, and one among them, again calling out, said: "Ti-gar!" which meaneth: "it is well."

7. And then there was much confusion and a loud noise, and amid the sound of the Sackbut and the Hurdy-gurdy there entered into the temple six comely youths

8. And when the sound of

the sackbut and the hurdy-gurdy had ceased, there arose one of exceeding length of limb; and he lifting up his voice said unto the mighty men many things, and lifting his hands on high, he proffered unto them nothing and besought them to reject not the gift.

9. And then, being full of generosity, he sate down & was silent.

10. But suddenly, a devil having gone into him, he arose, and going unto the hurdy-gurdy, he roared like unto a bull and extended and contracted his countenance in various ways.

11. And those that were around him, beholding this, were moved, and began to make loud lamentations.

12. And all besought the unclean spirit, saying: "Spirit we grant thee leave to go!"

13. But the demon still kept possession of the youth.

14. At last there came forth from among the people a youth who was like unto an angel: and he spake unto the unclean spirit in an unknown tongue; and all were silent thereat.

15. And immediately the unclean spirit departed.

16. And many afterwards affirmed that he went forth like unto a dog, while others declared that the youth had spoken to him as to a beast and had imitated the tones of a dog.

17. And then was there sung a canticle of praise: and thereat came forth a child, who spake unto the mighty men in a strange and barbarous tongue, and being finished, the people rejoiced with much clapping of hands.

18. Then sounded again the sackbut and the hurdy-gurdy.

19. And all being silent there appeared another child, who spake unto the people, saying: "Archipelago Nebraskan uses soup-plates." And then he spake unto the mighty men and was silent.

20. And the people rejoiced much, although they knew not what he said. And again they entoned a canticle of praise upon the pickbut.

21. And then there came another child (for lo! whose fate the mighty men was written; "suffer little children to come unto me".

22. And lifting up his voice he spake unto the mighty men, and the mighty men were pleased thereat, and the people were exceeding glad and rejoiced with clapping of hands, for him they understood.

23. But unclean spirits entered into many of those that were assembled together for going unto the hurdy-gurdy, they uttered loud noises, and twisted each one his countenance in divers ways, and besought one another, saying: "Spirit, we grant thee leave to go!" "Bellow, ye devils ye!"

24. And the mighty men frowned, and were angry.

25. (And lo! there was present a majestic youth, who beholding this, came forth and rolling upon those who were possessed, he healed them.

26. (And then turning to the mighty men, he besought them to compassion, entreating that they would forgive them.

27. And the mighty men were pleased, and rising they spake unto the people, each one in his turn, and the people rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

28. And being finished, they gave thanks to God, and went forth from the Temple.

29. (And at that the chief-priests, and the Pharisees, and the Greeks, and all who were assembled together departed and went each one to his own dwelling.

REPAIRS!

The Reading Room board by a ballot decided
That brothers be ordered the room to repair;
The latter assembling, by vote undivided
Commissioned three brothers to take it in care.

Well, after they had for a fortnight reflected
In grief, on the trouble which was to be theirs,
The three worthy brothers, as we had expected,
Marched into the room and commenced the repairs.

The one, at the end of a hammer remaining,
Was all the time taking a one-eyed survey;
The second amused himself nailing & planing;
The third always got in the second one's way.

And when for a day, in the manner just stated,
They had with due diligence labored away,
The trio departed and then meditated
For thirty-six hours on the work of the day.

And several times the same process repeating,
Their brotherly breasts overladen with cares,
While two weeks of sorrow were drearily fleeting,
They worked and reflected upon the repairs.

"Well, then they departed, and soon there succeeded
A oil can, a paintpot, a brother and brush;
If anyone labored I'm certain that he did,
For Lord! he went in with a regular rush.

Here stopped the uproar, and to grow do the muses:
Then go, my old Pegasus, lie on the shelf;
Moreover I fear that those damnable "blues" is"
About to come over the poet himself.

LETTER

from

PISISTRATUS.

Friend Ham,-

Although not acquainted with you personally, still your name implies that you must be a good old coon,- for sure Know Ham was the son of Noah, or some of those old cronies who lived before the deluge: I can't give dates, as I am not a historical kind of a character. Any how, friend Ham, I wish you success, long life and health to the Goosequill, and to the devil with her enemies! And now, as I am somewhat acquainted with the ways of this queer world and have always been a keen observer of characters and dispositions, I would like to give you a little advice. Ham, stick to the truth, and do honor to the father of the old gent whose name

you bear. St. John's contains some great critics: Ham, mind them not; that is to say, do not mind them too much. If they get too obstreperous, tickle their faces with the feather of your Goosequill, just to let them see that you do not fear them. And if they don't stop them, why,— but never mind: In such a case I will write to you again and tell you what to do.

First, Ham, I would not like you to flatter much: but then why need I say this? If you tell the truth, you wont flatter. Mind you do not get too thick with any one. I would recommend an acquaintance with those nine petticoats who inhabit Mount Parnassus, but take care they do not get too strong a hold of your paper. For if they do, then goodbye to the Goosequill! I give you this advice, because I was always an enemy to these Women's Rights conventions and all such humbugs.

Well, Ham, I believe this will do for the present, but I shall observe you, and if I see you straying from the right path, expect me at you again.

Your friend and adviser
Pisistratus.

"Answers to Correspondents."

We believe it is customary for every editor, even in the first number of his paper, to answer an extensive array of correspondents represented by every letter of the alphabet: but, notwithstanding our letter box, we have received no communications this week, save such as have already been answered by insertion in our columns; so pray excuse us, friends, if for once we neglect our duty.

Interesting Correspondence.

At the conclusion of our retreat, it was the intention of the students to thank the Rev. F. Driscol in person for the kindness he had manifested in the direction of the exercises of those four days; but as he departed very unexpectedly, before this could be done, an appropriate letter was written in the name of the whole community, and sent to him after having received the signatures of the members of the classes of philosophy and rhetoric. On Thursday last the following affectionate reply was received, and, through the kindness of the gentlemen to whom it was addressed, has been transmitted to us for publication. We are confident that it will be read with interest by all the students.

St. Fr. Xavier's. N.Y.
Nov. 2/54.

Gentlemen,

Permit me, in acknowledging the receipt of your kind letter of the 23d, to say that my reason for not answering it sooner is, I was in my retreat here. Your note was placed in my hands yesterday, and I avail myself of the first free moment to express to you my deep sense of the kind feelings so happily and so delicately conveyed.

I also hoped to have the pleasure of meeting you at the termination of your retreat, to express to you my appreciation of the calm, religious attention shown in the Church, and even pervading the free moments of recreation.

I expected this from you, as

gentlemen and as students of St. John's College. But I did not look for it on my own account, nor in respect of anything I could say, nor on account of the manner of placing before you the truths of religion; but as virtuous young men, as young men trained in the love and fear of God, as young men with high and lofty motives before you, for the present and future, for these reasons, gentlemen, I looked forward with hope when I came among you, and I now look back with pleasure to my hopes, more than realized.

Your letter is very precious to me, - not so much for what you are pleased to say to me or of me, but as a pledge on your part of perseverance in the good resolutions then taken.

Please accept, gentlemen, my grateful thanks for this mark of your esteem, and rest assured, that my humble prayer shall be addressed to our Holy & Blessed Virgin Mother for her special protection on you all.

With sincere respect & esteem
I remain,
Gentlemen,
Your obt. Servt. in Xt.
H. Driscoll S.J.

Messrs. Mc Mahon,
Fingas, & others
St. John's College.

A Dream.

By Hans Jr.

I'd ate one Sunday evening, thinking
How our new-born paper seemed,
Sleep came o'er my wearied senses,
And the while I slept, I dreamed:

I dreamed that on a table mighty
Lay a stout, a monstrous "Quill";-
One which none had power to brandish
Save who came with kind good will.

Soon approached a carping critic,
With his microscopic eyes,
Open to the slightest failings,
Gloating o'er them as a prize.

Quick he seized the monster Goosequill,
Right and left he aimed at all,
But the weapon grew unwieldy,
And refused to mind his call.

Forthwith turning, with the feather
Faults it gently brushes o'er,
While the point, with ink o'erflowing,
Cuts and wounds the critick sore.

Thus shall be it with our paper;
From this dream our senses we shall,
They alone who injure others
From the Goosequill have to fear.

A Few Words about Ourselves.

Although we live in a country in which the prejudices of rank & station are ever cried down by the multitude, and in which the influence exercised by nobility & rank in other countries is ridiculed and slighted, yet-

it is universally admitted that there is scarcely a people on the face of the earth among whom the pedigree and precedents of every man are more closely scrutinized than in America. Reflecting then upon this as we draw nigh to the end of our columns, and contemplating with satisfaction the close of our editorial labors for the present week, we think it advisable to make some remarks upon ourselves; that is to say, to give our readers a little insight into our character & opinions in general. Our precedents, you will say, are not Known: so much the better, for were they Known, they would either be prejudicial to our advancement in your good-graces, or, on the other hand, by interesting you in our favor, deprive us of half the merit of pleasing. Our opinions are by no means eccentric. We are sticklers for "equal rights", but will never deprive merit of approval & praise when we find it in the "upper ten", at the same time that we will never seek the favor of the lower ranks if this favor is to be procured by intimacy with ignorance and presumption. As to our political opinions, they are by no means decided. We are not exactly "Hard", nor are we entirely "Soft", while our worst enemies cannot charge us with the principles of "Know-Nothings". Contenting ourselves therefore with the saying - "in medio stat virtus", we do not bother our heads with any fixed opinions in these matters.

We do not wish to be Known to our readers personally, because we seek a more impartial judgment of our merits or faults as editors: but should we ever be forced to abandon our incognito position, we sincerely trust that we shall never have cause to be ashamed of appearing in person, for we sincerely expect that before the veil which covers us is drawn aside, our Goosequill will have won us a way to the good will of all.

The Goose-Quill

NOV. 19. | No. 2. | 1854.

Intercepted Letters No. 1.

From Master Theodore Throckwattle, at College, to his friend, Master Thos Tripplepate, in Town.

Dear Tom,-

Here I am at last, about as happy as a newly caged bird, and without the remotest chance of liberty for six long years. What a happy chap you must be, Tom, in the city. Just think, as soon as you get out of school at four o'clock, you can hurry off home, throw aside your hateful old Vigils, and Ciceronis, & all that kind of stuff, & then make up, by a regular frolic the rest of the afternoon, for the time you lose in wearing out the seat of your chair and your breeches during the greater part of the day. But I won't spoil your fun by talking about our misery; that would be real mean. I think though I may tell you a little about the College where I am penned up, for you will like to know how your friend is situated. You have seen the old place, so I need not describe it outside. As for class study, teachers, and all such nonsense,

I suppose they are as bad as they can be everywhere, and so they are no worse here than at other places; but what I want to tell you about is, the way the boys have of amusing themselves. They have got, in the first place, a heap of old sticks, bits of rope, four or five rusty iron rings, and a long stick. They call this a Jim Nasyum, but what that means I must own I do not Know. To take care of this junk shop, they elect every half year six or seven officers, as they call them, who go about, reading a great fuss, and charge each one a dollar a year for the privilege of handling the odds and ends they take such care to collect. In addition to this, they have a cellar which term a Reading Room, and down there they keep one or two old newspapers and a couple of torn magazines. I have not read the laws of the Society (as it is sometimes denominated) nor the necessary qualifications for membership, but I believe it is absolutely required that every one who enters the room be able to talk very loud and to break a pretty good number of chairs during the course of the year; and I think, too, that it is forbidden to permit any paper or book to remain entire for a longer period than twenty four hours, - which is, in my opinion, a very desirable regulation, and I only wish it extended to books and printed matter of every kind! There is a Bishop in Albany who sends them a newspaper twice a week, and this they treat for his sake with very marked distinction, for it no sooner arrives than it is seized and torn up in his honor, and so eager are the members to preserve relics of so valuable a present, that in less

than twenty minutes not a vestige of it is to be found. For the privilege of tearing the papers and breaking the chairs, the charge is only one dollar a year, and he who can tear the most is considered the best member, & at the next election is immediately made an Officer. There is one whose sole duty it is to gather up the scraps of paper that are left and to lock them up carefully, and he is called a Librarian, but what connection he has with any library, I never could ascertain; probably the title was given him in joke.

I have a great deal more to tell you about this singular place, but that confounded bell is ringing, and I must go & be punished for not Knowing my Greek roots. So no more at present from your friend

Theod. Throckwatle.

REPAIRS!

(Continued)

All burning with zeal & a fond emulation,
A week from the day upon which they adjourned,
Reversing the order observed in creation,
The paint-pot, and oil can, & brother returned.

A crowd more contented it ne'er has been my lot
To see than were they, the brush, brother & all;
The latter amused himself reading the "Pilot"
The brush ran instinctively over the wall.

The oil-can and paint-pot remained on the table,
And sleepily both must have certainly felt,
For they were unhappily both quite unable
To hit upon "Brownson" or open the "Belt."

But e'er they departed the feelings fraternal
Were, quite without reason, most cruelly hurt;
For while he was lost in perusing the journal
The boys made away with his hickory shirt.

"Praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem."

Among other communications received through the medium of our letter-box, we present to our readers a letter addressed to us by the "poor proprietors of a Refreshment Saloon"; and in-asking the liberty of inflicting upon them the perusal of such a production, coming as it does from persons whose fingers, according to their own acknowledgment, are more accustomed to the use of the oyster-Knife than of the pen, we would beg leave to expose, in a few words, the reasons that induce us to fill the columns of the Gorsegrill with what no doubt many will blame us for not treating with disregard & contempt.

For, personal acquaintance with the writer, a perfect insight into his character, and a complete Knowledge, obtained by former threatening and equally despicable

but less public communications, of the petty motives which influenced him in thus desiring (for indeed we have to take the will for the deed!) by a would be sarcastic, but unhappily unintelligible note, utterly to annihilate the Goosequill & its unfortunate editors, might indeed entitle it to a passing notice in our issue of the present week. Behold how he commences!

"Messrs. Editors,-

"Aware of
"the great influence which
"you possess through the
"columns of your young &
"able journal, and conscious
"moreover of your great abil-
"ities to sustain its already
"acquired reputation among
"the vulgar" whom you do
"not court; we poor proprie-
"tors of a refreshment Saloon,
"unable to become better
"known to the public, and
"wishing to prove our su-
"perior talents of cookery,
"etc., to the world, have been
"obliged to advertize in va-
"rious papers of the globe
"in order to acquire a
"greater number of admirers
"but not meeting with suit-
"able patrons, we are now
"forced to request of you
"to insert the following card
"in your young and al-
"ready noble and generous
"journal."

In the first place, perhaps we should thank our unintentional friend for the high appreciation of the influence and principles of our paper, which he expresses in the beginning of his letter. However, it might be well to say, in passing, that the exalted opinion he has of his own "superior talents" ill becomes a "poor proprietor of a refreshment saloon." Now listen to his transition.

"The undersigned, pro-
"prietors of an Establishment
"formerly known under the
"name of Louisiana Monuments,
"take this opportunity of

informing their friends & the public at large that they have opened a new Restaurant in the basement of the Reading Room hall, under the sign of the 'Goosequill', which they shall endeavour to make superior to their other and to all others of the Kind, and in every way worthy of the Kind and generous patronage of the public. It shall be their constant duty to see that their larder be well stocked with the delicacies of the season. The utmost care shall be taken to have constantly on hand the greatest quantity of Ham, the rarest and most delicate species of Duck, the most tender and biggest sort of Allegany mountain Goose esteemed such a dainty by Epicures and all other dishes of the season.

"Proprietors, I. Shang-
"hai, Bantam, & Co."

Although, as our readers will doubtless acknowledge, it would require far greater "abilities" than those he attributes to us, and we suspect even the "superior talents" he so modestly claims for himself would be at a task, to understand and explain the meaning of his words, still, as we said before, personal acquaintance with the author gives us a clew whereby to comprehend his real intentions. He sought to produce an unexampled piece of satire: he has succeeded, it is true, in imparting to his letter all that confusion and disorder which evidently characterizes his understanding, but, unfortunately, he has not succeeded in bestowing upon it all that vehemence of sarcasm which, beyond all doubt, ruled and perverted his will.

From this letter alone however we would infer

that he, in company with some others, has started an oyster saloon in the "BASEMENT of the Reading Room Hall"(!), on which he has been kind enough to confer the name of our paper. In thanks then for the honor intended, we would advise him to transfer his saloon to some locality better known to the public.

Let us give his postscript and a word in reference to it, and then we are done.

"P.S. Hoping that the
"generous editors will pass
"over our many faults,
"we beg of them to correct
"all such as they may
"discover before inserting
"them in their paper; for
"they (faults) might destroy
"the reputation which the
"journal possesses. As editors
"you have to guard against
"the many faults which
"might creep into your
"paper, and so, in future, it
"would be better that such
"a fault as weild, which,
"no doubt, was intended
"for wield, should be av-
"oided. Endeavour then
"not to offend our sight
"by the reappearance of
"another mistake of the
"kind. Messrs. Editors, if
"you are in want of a
"dictionary we will furnish
"you with one with the ut-
"most pleasure."

We have already apologized to our readers for the injustice done them in introducing such stuff as this into our columns, for were this apology omitted, we might well entertain fears for the "reputation" of our Gooseg...ill. We cannot, we regret to say, comply with the request so humbly proffered to correct the faults of this letter before inserting it in our paper; for we would deem it a terrible insult to so observant a critic, so very observant indeed that in twenty four columns of writing he was able to discover the mistaken

orthography of one little word; were we to attempt to correct the many errors it contains, - one of orthography and many others of expression and composition. We beg leave likewise to decline the use of the dictionary which he so generously offers to us, as the authority which gives "advertise" spelt "advertize" does not entirely conform with all the opinions we have ever heard expressed on such matters.

Our "P.S." What kind of a "dish" is an "Epicure"? We would like very much to taste it.

A Character.

By Ham Jr.

Behold this nice and well dressed lad,
In costly garments neatly clad.
His hair with grease is all bemeared,
And where his fancy puts a beard
His jewelled fingers often stray,
And feel their soft and downy way. -
('Why call it down, say you! the deuce!
Is there not down on every goose?)
With head erect and well blacked shoes,
The coxcomb thus his way pursues:
Dress is of all his cares the chief, -
To be out-dressed his only grief.
His empty head all labor loathes,
And sense is smothered in his clothes.

Our readers will find below a letter from our brother Japhet. Japhet is not a "Know-nothing and we have no reason to be ashamed of our near connection with him. Let us hear from him often.

Letter from "Japhet".

"Japhet" encloses with his communication a short note which we likewise submit to our readers.

"Ham,

"Trusting to the "honor which has thus far pre- "served your own secret, I "unhesitatingly commit the "enclosed to your editorial "supervision; though I am "fully aware that the hand- "writing will be immediately "recognized. If at any time "you should choose to come "before the public of St. John's "College undisguised, remem- "ber that though your part "in the paper has reflected "credit upon you as editors, "it can scarcely be expected "that all your correspondents "and contributors will distin- "guish themselves in an equal "ly creditable manner, and "you should be cautious "of forcing them to ack "nowledge productions for "which, as in the present "instance they may justly "blush.

"But be assured that whether "my poor efforts contribute to "lighten your labors and en- "lighten your columns, or not, "I shall ever entertain the "best wishes for you and "your. Goosequill.

"Your friend & well wisher,

"Japhet"

My dear brother Ham,

I picked up, a few days ago not a thou-

sand miles from the "Crystal Palace", a curiously folded document, and mistaking it for a curiosity which had been dropped by some visitant to this place of general resort, I could not resist the temptation to examine its contents; when what was my surprise on finding the following epistle, which I send to the Goosequill under the head of

"Found."

College. Oct. — 1854.

Dear brother, -

I being the first of our family who ever went to College, I suppose you will think I ought to write an uncommon fine letter; but somehow or another I don't think I can write a bit better than I could a week ago, when I was at home. But that is neither here nor there. I suppose you want to know what kind of a place "College" is: well, it is just about the funniest place you ever heard of. Now among a good many strange things that prevail here, there is a universal custom of running down everything that has anything to do with the institution, and, conversely, lauding to the skies everything that exists elsewhere. Now I thought it was very fine to have meat of two kinds every day for dinner; but I find I must say that it is miserable, that it aint well cooked, that I always had fowl at home, and a hundred other falsehoods, or else I shall be thought green. But the funniest of all is that invariably the very lowest class of boys are always the very ones who find the most fault with the eating, with the accomodations, and with the treatment, whilst those who carry "gentleman" written unmistakably on their countenances never utter a complaint. Of course, as I am a little uncouth & country-like, I have to com-

plain a good deal, in order to gain any standing at all in the College; but it goes right against the grain to be always grumbling at what is much better than we have at home.

I have no time to write more now, but you shall hear again soon from

Your affectionate brother

Find.

I think Fo. is about right, and he need not be ashamed to come forward and claim the original from the finder

Japhet.

An Enigma.

By Seaph.

In the ray of the sun that enlightens the earth,
In the glorious bow that it calls into birth,
In the frolicksome brooklet that laughs as it lies,
In the calm flowing river that mirrors the skies,
Imbedded in granite, deep buried I dwell;
Where expires the air, like a vanishing spell,
In the midst of the earth, in the voice of the sky
When the lightning leaps down from its mansion on high;
In the soft breathing zephyr, the rose that it woos,
And e'en in the perfume the flowers diffuse,
In all these I dwell,- then say what I am
Or say what you are, you will utter my name

Our Least Columns.

Well, the Goosequill has appeared. It has been read, but has it received approval, and has Ham been encouraged, by the success of his first number, in the difficult task he has undertaken? Suffice it to say, Ham is satisfied. He is too conscious (for Ham is modest) how humble and how imperfect is his merit as an editor to hope for unbounded success and approbation, but he has trusted to the good sense and impartial though lenient judgment of the public of St. John's, and the public of St. John's have not deceived his expectations. (Not that there have been no critics, who have picked at the feathers of the Goosequill, or who have commented upon its Editor. Ham can thank his incognito position for the opinions of these critics and for the amusement they caused him. Amusement, for the criticisms that were made came from such as were evidently deserving of little attention, and who consequently had little paid them, while those who could have criticized were kind enough to pass over his imperfections in silence and treat them with indulgence.

In thanks then for this, it shall be Ham's constant endeavour to render each succeeding number of the Goosequill more acceptable to its friends, and less exposed to the criticisms and malicious comments of its enemies.

The Goose-Quill

DEC. 3. No. 3. 1854.

Intercepted Letters. No. 2.

From Master Theodore Throckwattle, at College, to his friend, Master Thos. Tripplepate, in town.

Dear Tom,-

I told you in my last letter (which you ought to have answered long ago) that I had much more to write you about the College. I hate the old place more and more every day. The officers of the Reading Room are getting very strange notions into their heads and I sometimes think that they are really going crazy. They have started the preposterous idea that the old cellar is meant for a place where the students can go to read, and they have actually gone so far as not to allow us to tear any papers, not even so much as one a day, and to paint over all the things that were written on the walls,- and some of them were grand things too. Nay, more:- they have had the place fixed up decently, & now they talk some of raising the price and bringing more papers and books into the room, to be read

forsooth! What a ridiculous idea! I never heard of such a thing before. The Yale Navy men fellows however stick to their old precedents, and swear they will not admit any such new fangled notions. In fact, they are regular old fogies.

But we have another curiosity here which I must tell you about. It is called "old Bill", and tradition says that it was once a horse, but about that there is some disagreement. My own opinion is that it was a horse once, was killed during the Revolution, & is now compelled to walk the earth for its sins, as we read that many ghosts have had to do. Certain it is that nothing can kill this spectre, for had it been flesh and blood (which a mere glance will convince you it is not) it would have been dead years ago.

Do not forget to answer this letter, and try to play truant some day and come up here and see me. I want to see you badly, & besides, if you come it will get me rid of class. Let it be on a Wednesday, if you can, for we are less likely to have recreation on that day than on any other.

Your sincere friend
Theodore Throckwattle.

It is our intention to publish, during the week preceeding the coming holidays, a Christmas number of the Goosequill.

As we desire it to be of double size, we trust that our friends will be prompt & bountiful in sending in their contributions.

The Register of the Temple.

FROM THE 5th BOOK OF THINGS

CHAP. 1000

1. And in those days, in the corner of a well known land, there existed a long and narrow hall.

2. Now the length of this hall was three hundred cubits, and its breadth eight cubits, but its height was but three cubits.

3. And hence there arose a great controversy among men; for some there were who maintained that the builder was a Dutchman.

4. And there were others who affirmed with warmth that the mode of the building was Adelphic.

5. Now it happened that both were in the right; for the record of the ancients saith that the architect was a "dutch brother

6. And it came to pass that in the centre of the hall there was a hole.

7. And the hole was covered with an iron grating, & through it there entered heat into the hall.

8. For beneath the hall there were works of great magnitude, with mighty furnaces attached thereunto.

9. But there came a great cold upon the earth; and men began to cry out that the furnaces might be heated.

10. And hearing this, the rulers of the land, having entered into the hall, came unto the hole which was in the centre, and looked upon it.

11. And lo! it pleased them not.

12. And accordingly they commanded that it should be removed.

13. And when those who had erected the furnace heard how the lords had commanded, they rejoiced and were glad; for they loved labor exceedingly.

14. And when they had rejoiced for forty days, they they came with haste unto the hall.

15. And going down into the furnaces, they labored with much noise. And the noise continued for four & forty days.

16. And at the end of that time, in the month which is called February, on the eight and twentieth day thereof, their labor was completed and they departed sorrowful.

17. For the mighty furnaces were moved; and the hole was now placed near the Eastern entrance of the hall.

18. But lo! the cold had departed, and the lords came not again into the hall.

19. But in the succeeding year the cold returned again upon the earth, and then the rulers of the land and the chief-priests bethought them of the hole.

20. And going forth, they looked upon it.

21. But behold! they were not pleased

22. And calling unto them the chief of the workmen, they said unto him:

23. Did we not command that the hole where entereth the heat should be placed on the right hand of the western entrance of the hall? Go, then, that our decree may be fulfilled.

24. And going, the chief of the workmen called unto him his brothers.

25. And when they had heard what the lords had commanded, they departed, and going unto the furnace they labored diligently.

26. But the chief of the workmen thought within himself that the work was advancing speedily, and that when the mighty furnaces should be again removed they would have no more work.

27. And when he had told this to those who were with him, they lingered much; for they loved labor exceedingly

28. But on the hundredth day it came to pass that their labor was completed.

29. And the hole was now on the right hand of the Western entrance of the hall.

30. But behold! the cold had again passed away off the earth.

31. And when the cold again returned, the lords and the chief priests, being assembled in council, deliberated much.

32. And some among them declared that the hole should have been placed in front of the Western entrance, and not upon the right hand.

33. And they could not agree.

34. But hearing this the chief of the workmen was anxious over much, and going unto the lords, he besought them that he might make another hole in front of the Western entrance of the hall.

35. And hearing this, they were glad, and commanded that he should do so.

36. And he went forth rejoicing, and after one hundred and fifty days, during which he had labored, the mighty furnaces were again removed, and there were two holes whereby heat entered into this long and narrow hall.

37. And when the cold came again upon the earth, the lords and rulers of the land came forth and looked upon the holes.

38. And behold! they were pleased, and they said within themselves: it is well, for now the heat that entereth in through the holes that we have caused to be made can depart through the door.

39. And the mighty furnaces were thrice heated, and lo! the words of the lords were fulfilled!

SOLD.

By Ham Sr.

Sold, sold, sold, sold;
'Tis the song of the tradesman counting his gold,
The product of bargainings manifold,
And the price of his goods disposed of.
'Tis the song of the author, thrice happy wight,
Who is coming at length into public sight:
His pocket is heavy, his heart is light
With the price of the works he has prosed of.

'Tis the song of the usurer scanning his pelf,
His deeds and his mortgages piled on the shelf,
All which to obtain he has sold himself
To one who allows no disputing.
'Tis the song of the devil regarding his prize,
As he looks in the miser's glistening eyes,
And thinks how he'll give him a little surprise
Some day, while his riches computing.

'Tis the song of the schoolboy, who has been made
The butt of a regular cannonade
Of practical jokes on the "green ones" played,
For the sake of ~~these~~ general diversion.
But God forbid it should ever be
The pitiful fate of Ham, to see
Himself and his goodly company
Proceed to sing, though with great aversion:

"Sold, sold, we're completely sold;
"All over the College our secret is told;
"Our position incog. we no longer can hold;
"Not an item remains sub rosâ.
"The printer, the devil, and Ham, and all,
"Must now stand forth at the public call;
"Not even our goose in concealment can crawl
"Any longer, for all the world knows her."

Letter

from

PISISTRATUS.

No. 2.

Friend Ham,-

You know I promised you in my last letter that I would watch you, and so I did. I read the first number of the Goosequill, and was very glad to see that you had followed my advice so well. Of course, there were a few small faults, but I took no notice of them.

But Ham, your second number is just the right thing. I admire greatly the scientific manner in which you rapped the knuckles of the chap who wrote you that fancy letter. He deserved it, and richly too; but I wont talk of him or else, being very choleric and irascible, I shall get in a fury. I would advise you however to let him alone for a little while: I do not think he will try to kick again, and if he does, be sure his kicks will be

much gentler, for you have certainly lanced him.

To tell the truth, I can't complain much of the stuff you called "Poetry", for I candidly acknowledge, it was the first of its kind that ever brought a smile to the lips of Pisistratus, and that is saying a great deal. But, Ham, I repeat it; beware of those women they call "Muses". They are the destruction of every sensible person on whom they seize; they make him a poet, and that, you know, is a synonyme for a crazy man. It would indeed be a pity if your friends had to put an end to the goose-quill, and carry its editor off to a lunatic asylum.

I believe your readers think I am an old stoic, but I plead 'not guilty'; for surely a stoic could not have laughed as heartily as I did in perusing the columns of your paper. Every one, it seems, is trying to pick up a personal acquaintance with you, but I have not made the least effort to do so; for perhaps, were I introduced to you in person, I would not feel so indifferent about writing to advise & reprimand you when in my opinion you stray from the right path.

I must now bid you "good-bye" and wish you continued success in your editorial labors, but it may not be long before you hear again from

Pisistratus.

We received last week, from a correspondent who signs himself "Peter Simpson", a letter which gave us more pleasure than any which we have perused since the commencement of our paper. It refers to the article in our last number upon the "poor proprietors of a refreshment saloon", and while it breathes in every line the heartiest good will towards Ham &

his Goosequill, it is by no means complimentary to the oyster house worthies whose ire we have been so unfortunate as to incur. This is a matter however to which we have already devoted too much space, and we have therefore determined to follow the advice of our friend Pisistratus, and "let them alone for awhile."

Omitting then a great part of the letter, we present our readers with the following extracts, - sufficient at least to show the tone in which it was written.

"Tell us who you are, "for upon my soul, I have "not the least idea. Do "not be disheartened, for "you have many friends "who will stick by you "to the last. ******

"I am a plain spoken "person: I say what I "mean & no more. In "every other college they have "a paper, and the students "support it. We have a "paper, and we can keep "it up. not only we "can, but we will"

****

Peter Simpson will pardon us, we are sure, if we content ourselves by the private perusal of the remainder of his Kind letter and by the expression of our warmest thanks for the sentiments which directed his pen. Far be it from us indeed to profess any feeling of gratification at the reproaches cast upon another, however much our enemy; but when these expressions of indignation at an unprovoked attack are but the result of regard for the person who is made the object of such an attack, and are accompanied by so many evidences of noble & generous feeling, - we may surely be pardoned for experiencing a sensation of pleasure which is at once the reward of our labors and the strongest incentive to renewed exertion.

Answer to "Graph's" Enigma.

I'm the root of all right and the soul of all wrong;
The pride of the brave and the strength of the strong;
I am found in the clapper, though not in the bell,
And at once on both sides of the river I dwell.
Though living in concord, I'm ever in ire;
My presence can make e'en the marriage tie tire.
I'd fly from all harm, were it not that I am
So very unwilling to leave my friend Ham.
In error I live and in slaughter delight;
I'm oft in retreat, yet I'm never in flight.
My residence proper, if it you would view,
By only one Street is divided from you.
I'm found in the orbit of planet and star;
I'm the head of the rake and the tail of the tar;
I delight in the sword, in the spear, in the car;
Though not in the wound, yet I come with the scar;
I live not in peace, yet I terminate war;
Though not in the alphabet, still I am - R.

WINTER IS COMING!

Winter is coming! winter with its snows, winter with its winds, winter with its storms! Alas, winter is coming!

Winter all blowy, winter all freezy, winter all drizzly; alas! winter is coming!

Winter with its shiverings, winter with its quiverings, its quakings, its shakings; winter with its moans, winter with its groans! Alas! winter is coming!

Winter with its early rising; winter with a cold study room; winter with smoky stoves! Alas! winter is coming!

Winter with its snowballs, winter with its skating, winter with its falls on the hard ice, winter with its tumbles on the frozen ground: Oh winter is coming!

Winter with its eternal apples, winter with its inexhaustible cabbages, winter with its odoriferous sour-Krout: oh winter is coming!

Winter with its magnificent vista of leafless trees, uncouth rocks, stone fences & two-story houses: oh winter is coming!

Winter to St. John's; winter to Fordham; winter to the waste, winter to the desert: oh winter is coming!

Winter in the Reading Room, winter in the Corridor, winter in the Play Room: oh winter is coming!

Now over a torn paper, now deep in a dilapidated game of chess, now fighting for a chair near the stove: oh winter is coming!

Winter so pleasant at Christmas, winter so disgusting after New Year's! winter at home, how delightful! winter at College, how disagreeable!

Oh! winter is coming! Alas! winter is coming

A Character.

By Ham Jr.

Behold the self-conceited wight
Who sober stalks before our sight!
Whene'er he has a chance, he shows
The very little that he knows
To any one, or friend, or foe,
Who will th' infliction undergo.
He glories in a warm dispute,
And broils his pleasure constitute.
Pull out your watch, - forthwith he proves
Upon what principles it moves.
A bit of wood becomes the theme
Of a long, dull, and pompous stream
Of high-flown words and terms abstruse
To tell its nature and its use.
He cares for neither time nor place;
His speeches everything embrace;
Great things and small alike he treats,
And oft by dint of wind defeats:
For though the mind he fail to win,
The victim, tired of the din,
Exclaims: "Enough! I yield to you,
"And grant your proposition true."
All fly at his approach, in dread
Of being bored till almost dead,
While his conceit and pompous strut
Become his fellows' constant butt.

The Goose-Quill

DEC. 17. No. 4. 185-.

A NIGHT AT ST. JOHN'S.

By Arcanus.

Some time ago, it was my fortune, - good or bad, as you may please to call it, - to pass a night at St. John's College, for although I have not been a student of that institution for many years, I occasionally pay a short visit to my Alma Mater, in order to entertain myself with the conversation of old and dear friends who reside there. On the occasion to which I refer, I happened to miss the cars by which I intended returning to the city, & was prevailed upon to accept for the night a bed in one of the dormitories. It may be that several years of life in New York had served to render me more keenly sensible of the novelties of my situation, and more ready to appreciate anything unusual or ridiculous that might happen; but, be that as it may, I certainly was not a little amused at what occurred, and the absence of many little conveniences

one has at hand in the city was more than compensated for by the laughable sights and sounds which greeted me nearly all night.

I had not been between the sheets five minutes before I heard, far off at the other end of the room, a loud and most horrifying snort. I sprang up instantly, and was about to get out of bed to assist the sufferer (for such I took the author of the sound to be), when a neighbour whispered me to lie still: it was only one of their best snorers, who always sounded the charge just before commencing operations. "Wait one second," said he, "and you will hear him." And in fact, before he had finished speaking, the snore began; - not rising gradually from a low, confused murmur; but bursting suddenly forth into maturity, and shaking the very walls, it seemed, with its fierce roar. In a minute more I heard, coming from the bed of my neighbour, a very doubtful sound, which grew by degrees louder, and louder, and more distinct, until there was no disguising the fact any longer; he was actually snoring. A third soon followed; - then a fourth; - a fifth; a sixth; - until enumeration became impossible; the dormitory was in one promiscuous snore.

Soon a long, slim, bony legged student - who was lying opposite me, his feet projecting nearly a yard beyond the foot of his bed, sprang up, & throwing a pair of pantaloons over his shoulders, stalked, in a towering passion, towards the leader of this nocturnal choir. He certainly presented a most comical appearance. An immense red flannel night-cap surmounted

his cadaverous countenance, and over a white garment which reached below his knees was thrown the article of dress before mentioned, the seat coming just under his chin & the legs falling down his back. Thus attired, he pulled by the leg the snoring object of his wrath, who forthwith started up, and on beholding the frightful figure before him, gave a shout of terror, which awakened every soul in the room. The grotesque looking cause of such confusion sneaked back to bed amidst the general laughter, his temper not at all improved by this unexpected issue of his undertaking.

After awhile silence was restored, and I fell asleep. I dreamed that a flannel night cap was snoring in my ear, and that the devil, with a pair of legs thrown over his shoulders, was shaking me by the arm, accompanying the action by a most terrific noise. I awoke, and found a prefect telling me it was time to arise, while at the same instant my ears were saluted by a sound like that of a regiment of Cavalry, galloping over oaken floors. I imagined that part of the house was falling and began to dress myself with the utmost speed, but soon discovered that I was mistaken: it was merely the students going down stairs.

Our promised Christmas number will appear on Wednesday or Thursday next. If our Correspondents are forward enough in sending us in good articles in good season, we intend it to be of double size. The size however must necessarily depend in great measure on our friends

We have received, through the hands of two of our fellow-students, some communications which were left in their desks, directed to us. We thank them for their courtesy, and are sorry that they should have been put to any trouble on our account. At the same time, we would remind our correspondents that we have a letter-box in the Reading Room.

—∽o∽—

Accompanying the lines which we give below was an exceedingly kind and well written letter, wherein the author expresses much concern for the well-being of the Goosequill, and a desire to become one of its contributors. Want of space compells us to omit this letter, although its merits of composition, in our opinion, might well entitle it to insertion.

Translation from Anacreon.

"Εἰς Ἔρωτα."

Beside his quiver, on a rosy bed,
At noonside Cupid lay his weary head,
Unconscious of the insect slumbering nigh
Which blushing buds hid from his sparkling eye;
As often, under virtue's garb, we find
A vice which leaves its venomed sting behind.
He sleeps: around fantastic visions play.
He wakes, and screams; he runs, he flies away!

Quick to his mother, Venus fair, he flies:
"O Mamma dear! thy boy is Killed", he cries:
"A little serpent, Oh! on tiny wing,
"Into my finger drove his purely sting:
"The vicious imp the peasants call a bee.
"Oh dear! I die!" he screams, "ah pity me!"
"For shame!" the beauteous queen of love replies:
"For shame! you little coward! dry your eyes.
"If thus you feel the sting but of a bee,
"What suffer those whose hearts are stung by thee!"

—oOo—

"Clio" also sends us another piece in verse, entitled "A Dream", which we must decline publishing, though with many thanks. It contains not a few exceedingly fine lines, and can lay claim to several beauties, especially of fluency and harmony in the language; but there are also one or two faults, which we think the author himself will readily perceive and acknowledge. For instance, the first part, although in many respects, justly to be admired, is, to Hann's taste at least, somewhat too highly coloured: and again, Clio mis-states, towards the end of the piece, the purpose and tendency of the goosequill in a manner which might expose us to the reproach of failure were we to endorse his sentiments on this point.

We are confident that

this will not feel hurt at our showing these defects, which, together with some few others not necessary to mention, prevent us from inserting "the Dream" in our columns. We thank him sincerely for his Kindness, and hope to hear from him again.

A Letter from

"Timothy Toothpick."

Shin-bone alley. Low Countries
Nov. 1st 1804.

My dear Ham,-

When first I heard that a paper was to be started amongst us, my mind was inundated with a dash of thoughts about the manner in which it might be received by the miniature world; what might be the spirit and ability displayed in its columns; what the number of its Editors or contributors; how great must be the labor necessarily attending and how absolutely required for such an undertaking; what assistance & encouragement its promoters deserve. Rising to the surface of this overwhelming wave, the first object that attracted my attention was No. 1 of the Goosequill. Sympathizing with its supporters, and wishing to enable them, as far as it lay in my power, to Keep up the first stand they assumed, I proposed to give them, through you, a helping hand. Majestically shaking her mighty head, conscience pronounced me unable

I acknowledged my incapacity: not satisfied with this, I also examined the cause of my incapacity.

Perceiving, from various conversations held with the friends and enemies (for it has both) of the Goose-quill, that the reasons which deterred me prevented many others from sending you their mite, I thought it would not be altogether useless to lay before your readers the result of my enquiries.

Not being in the highest class, nor even the best in my own, and lacking the moral courage to ask some directions from my professor, who is both able and willing to assist me, my remarks must be far from what you & I could wish them to be.

To the point then: the first conclusion at which I arrived (though not a philosopher, by the by) was that I did not know about what to write, what theme to adopt as the subject of a few remarks. Hence, a want of ideas. What, then, has produced in my mind this want, this total lack of material for composition? The cause is negative; except in a confused, crude mass, ideas have never been there. At this stage of my reasoning, I am interrupted by the exclamation of a companion who is devouring a volume of ancient history; "I'm tired of this old, dry "history! I'd give it up, "were it not that I expect "to find something in it "about Nelson before I get "through." Here is one of my own stamp: surely, his ideas are neither more exalted nor better arranged than mine. This is probably the first book he has ever read, and being told that it is history and that Nelson is a historical personage, he expects to find all in the same volume.

Capital! I need go no farther. I jump to the con-

clusion. This, then, is the cause of my, of his, of their incapacity — a want of reading. This is the reason why the burden of supplying the Goosequill with the streams of information and entertainment has devolved upon the few, who, more sagacious, or better directed than the majority, have stored their minds with that which they now show to such advantage. To reading they owe the conception of the sheet that has created such a stir in the community: to reading they are indebted for the energy which enabled them to bring forth the same grand idea, and for the spirit which, supplying its veins with all that is requisite for a sound existence, throws no inconsiderable signs of life and health over the whole.

In a Knot of critics who, a day or two ago, were discussing the merits of the articles which appeared in No. 1, one enquired: "who is Pisistratus?" Another, more shrewd than the rest, replied; "Oh, it is an assumed name." "Yes, said a third: "it must be some character like Dick Turpin, or the Rock-boy." Certainly here is none not even equal to my friend of the Ancient history, for evidently he has read nothing more dignified than the penny novels of New York. His want of ideas can, without great labour, be traced to the same source as mine.

Not many days ago, I heard a young man boasting of a fine library he has at home. To the query of one of the bystanders, who wished to know what kind it was — whether the books were "dry" or interesting, he replied: "Dry! no indeed: they are all novels." "Oh! how happy I should be," exclaimed the other, "to have such a library as that!" Here is a pair from whom you

will certainly never receive a line, unless (which I hope will never be the case) you fall from the creditable and enviable position you now occupy. They will never possess either ideas fit to be communicated, or a style to deck even those they may possess.

A certain gentleman, (whom I think you know, told me (he makes no secret of it) that during the course of his studies, up to Rhetoric, he never read any other book than his authors, and Grimshaw's History of the United States. What was the consequence? When in that class, he began to feel the want of ideas drawn from other sources than his classic authors: his first composition disclosed his mental poverty. He was conscious that all had perceived it. Not being able to brook the humiliation, his wounded pride urged him to give up his studies and leave the College. In the moment of passion, he complied, but now bitterly regrets the step he then took. "How many hours," said he to me once, "I idled away during my studies, that could have been spent in useful reading!"

With these facts, contrast another which took place not long since in the Corridor, in the presence of half-a-dozen students. A very small boy of the second division, in the course of a conversation which he had with an officer of the College, was asked: "who were the principal personages at the battle of Waterloo?" "Napoleon and Wellington, Ney and Blucher," was his reply. To another question, "who gained the victory?" he answered: "The English gained a disgraceful victory; the French suffered an honorable defeat." The lad no doubt possesses such

blood, and is an admirer of Napoleon I. Whatever may be the correctness of his answer, it certainly proves that the boy has read something about the battle and understands what he has read. Were I to relate all the facts that have fallen under my notice, showing the advantages of reading & the disadvantages of neglecting to read, I should never end my letter. Let the reflections and observations already made suffice to convince me and those like me, that if we wish to aid the Goosequill, we must read, not trifling, but sound, profitable works. When I shall have finished an excellent book which I have already commenced to read with the greatest eagerness, you will hear again from

Your friend and well-wisher,

Timothy Toothpick.

A Character -

By Ham Jr.

Behold we now a clever wight,
Who ne'er bore any man a spite
(Quickness and wit his mind exalt,-
He's generous, almost to a fault;
To others' failings always blind
He lives at peace with all mankind.
In fine, he's like Erasmus' horse

For "gluttony 's his only curse."
No science, to his mind, can vie
With heavenly gastronomy.
Two turkeys daily he explores,
And a well-roasted duck adores;
And, lest the time should not suffice,
A pound he 'll swallow in a trice;
Ne'er waits to see another served,
His own wants only are observed.
His plate contains a compound strange
Of all that comes within his range:
There meat, fish, vegedables, are fixed,
Together in confusion mixed.
Perchance a devilled turkey's leg
With Sauer Kraut is overspread,
And monstrous lumps of salt cod-fish
Impart their flavor to the dish;
In vinegar potatoes swim;
Turnips are heaped about the rim.
Huge piles of bread soon disappear,
The whole washed down by quarts of beer.
And this, engrossed in greedy strife,
The glutton eats his way through life.

We have received from the "Dramatic Association" a copy of a series of resolutions passed at a late meeting, - which, however, our limited space will not permit us to pubish. Suffice it to say that the thanks of the society are presented to all who favored or assisted them at their last Exhibition.

"Philosophy" - is declined, with thanks. Were we to publish his article many would accuse us of encroaching upon the province of one of the professors.

Snow!

By Humphrey Muddlepate.

Snow, snow, cold and drifting! in every place snow!
Wherever the four winds of heaven can blow;
Wherever the blast can an entrance obtain,
Or the chill air of Winter uphold its stern reign!
In it drifts through the crannies & chinks of the wall;
Through the cracks of the door and the door of the hall.
It drifts o'er each road and it blocks up each pass
To cheer the philosopher's journey to class.
Fence, railing, and wall are distinguished no more;
It lies piled before gateway, & window, & door;
It has covered each hedge-row, each dell & each mound
And the trees with its load are bent low to the ground.

But the snow-balls that fly 'round the poor student's head,
As he crosses the courtyard, or hastens to bed!
How they bang on the doors, & e'en sometimes alas!
Not contented with that, also bang through the glass!
And when, in disgust at such one-sided fun,
A safe shelter to seek, he sets off on a run,
When he opens the door and the ball that he fears
Enters in with a crash, lo, a prefect appears!
What a scamper ensues! what precipitate rout!
Or what innocent faces stare wildly about!
But a penalty hard is imposed on each sinner,
In the shape of a few "hundred lines after dinner".

The

Goose-Quill.

Christmas Number.

1854.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Merry Christmas, to all the friends of the Goose Quill, and the happiest of happy New Years to old St. John's and all its inhabitants!

The merry season has come at last, after all our longing, and sighing, and impatience. Vacation begins to dawn upon our vision, and our straining eyes to catch a glimpse of an enchanting scene:- a long vista of minced-pies, sleigh-rides, roast-turKeys and old friends, mingled together in most intoxicating confusion. Strange ideas, of Christmas sports and games, and Christmas carols, and Santa Claus, and the delightful festivities of Christmas-eve come crowding into our bewildered minds, and bear us back to days long past, when we were yet strangers to the joys and

sorrows of college life.

Now is the season when pride must be banished and simplicity enjoy its rule; when honors and dignities must be laid aside, and he who would be happy, become for a time a child.

Now is the season for a merry evening and a hearty frolic; now too is the time for kind greetings and cheerful smiles; for the ruddy blaze of the Christmas fire can melt the iciest frown that ill-humor ever froze upon the face of discontent.

Joy then be with you all who keep this joyous time. And as you sit around the hearth at home, happy amid the happiness of surrounding friends, may Hawk find part in that circle of affections which your busy minds conjure up at thought of the loved ones around you, and of others far away.

JOHN BOGGS.

A TALE OF THE CHRISTMAS TIMES.

By Humphrey Huddlestone Esq.

John Boggs was a queer man. Everybody said so, and I'm sure everybody ought to know, for — But never mind that; John Boggs was a queer man, and that is all that concerns us at present.

Many said too that John was not a generous man, — nay, that he was even mean, while others declared that they saw no reason why he should be called mean: he was rich and never had been known to refuse anyone who asked him for assistance. To be sure, few ever applied to him, for he was such a surly old grumbler that it was very unpleasant to be forced to ask a favour of him. Every one agreed in saying that John Boggs was a very queer man.

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John Boggs had eaten a good dinner on Christmas eve, but he had eaten it alone; for he had no family, had John Boggs, and lived alone in his old fashioned house, with only one superannuated servant to wait on him. After John had finished his solitary meal, he sat himself down in front of the blazing fire, and began to think. But the children in the streets made a great deal of noise singing their Christmas carols, & the innocent laugh of the urchins who were expecting the

"good times tomorrow", and their happy voices & merry songs made John feel melancholy, for he had been a child once, had John, and a happy child; but since then those who loved him had died, and he was left alone in the world now, when the frost of age was beginning to blanch his locks, and John was not as happy as he once had been. "Confound those boys!" exclaimed John, in a sad rather than an angry tone, - though he did try to be angry: "Confound those boys! I have heard their noise twice at my door to night. I drove away one party, and now here is another. I wish they would be quiet."

"Ahem!" said a voice at John's elbow. But John thought it was the wind, so he said nothing. "Ahem!" repeated the voice. "Pooh!" said John: "it was only the fire."

"No, it was not the fire, John Boggs," chimed in the voice.

"Hallos!" exclaimed John, starting up: "who's that?" Now John Boggs was not a timid man, but what he saw did make him feel rather ill at ease. The owner of the voice was one of the strangest looking figures he had ever beheld. His legs, his feet, his tapering buckskin shoes were so very long and slim that it seemed as if they must have been subjected to a most violent stretching process: his body was short and thick, and his immense head, embellished by an exceedingly ugly, grinning face, was surmounted by a high steeple-crowned hat.

"Hallos!" where did you come from?" asked John, in complete amazement.

"From where you never will go, John Boggs", replied the spirit.

"Well", thought John; "whoever he is, he seems to know me pretty well."

"What you say is perfectly true, John Boggs," rejoined his visitor, although John had not uttered a word. "What you say is perfectly true: I do know you pretty well."

"Sit down", said John, more astonished than ever: "there is a chair behind you."

"Thank you, John Boggs; I always carry my chair with me": and with that, he took off his tall steeple-crowned hat, stuck its sharp point into the

floor, and twisting his long legs around it, sat down upon the brim.

"You are a queer man, John Boggs", said he, with an indescribable leer.

"So everybody says", replied John, in a rather melancholy way: "but may I be hanged if I am as queer a man as you, any how!"

"Perhaps not, John Boggs; perhaps not: but I think I could show you many things queerer than either of us, if you would only come a little way with me."

"No, confound me if I do, on such a night as this," said John, in a very decided tone. "I don't stir from this seat for you or anyone!"

"I don't want you to, John. I don't want you to. Not necessary at all, John; not at all. You can go where I want to take you without moving from your fireside."

"Why, what the devil do you mean?" asked John in astonishment.

"That is not my name, John Boggs", said the spirit, kicking him in the ribs with his sharp toes so that he shouted with pain. "Look here, John Boggs: I want to show you something". And so saying he took a large hunter's leather which adorned his hat and waved it before John's eyes. "Now, John: look"

John looked, and saw, or seemed to see a confused scene, wherein different persons and different places were brought together or succeeded each other, as in a troubled dream. He saw himself, yes, himself, John Boggs, with a scowl upon his brow and sensual written on his countenance, as with an ill-grace he gave a guinea to a poor, shivering girl, who looked up into his face with tearful eyes, and begged a small pittance for a starving mother. He saw too, what he had not seen before, how his surly manner and averted countenance grieved the poor thing to the heart, and when he had

passed by, he saw her bury her face in her hands and weep bitterly, for she had never begged before. "Do you recognize that scene, John Boggs?" asked the spirit. "Yes," said John, sadly; "but I never saw it all before."

"It all occurred, just as you see it now. But let us go on: I have more to show you yet."

The spirit waved his feather, and the scene changed. "Look again, John Boggs!" John looked. This time, he saw a party of boys, innocent children, come to his door and begin a Christmas carol; but a stern, forbidding face showed itself at the window, and a gruff voice bade them be off with their uproar. A hand threw them some silver for their Christmas box but the frightened children refused the graceless gift, and ran off weeping. "Do you recognize that scene too, John Boggs?" "Yes," replied John, hesitatingly: "I think I do."

"You know you do," said the spirit. "But behold!"

The scene changed again. He saw the same party approach the door of an old-fashioned dwelling, in which neatness seemed to be struggling with poverty; & where an air of comfort prevailed, in spite of the commonness of everything around. They sang their simple hymns: the door opened, and a female of middle age, with a smiling, kind, though careworn countenance, appeared and called them in. John knew that face, for he started a little, and his eyes began to moisten. Soon he saw the joyous children come trooping forth from the house, and the cheerful face bid them farewell, and stop to kiss the youngest of the little singers, a laughing bright-eyed boy of six, whose auburn hair fell in long curls down his back, and whose ruddy cheeks, and merry, ringing

voice would have warmed the heart of a surlier man even than John Boggs.

"You have been in that house, I think, John Boggs" said the spirit.

"Yes", said John. There was a tear in his eye now. "You Know that pleasant, but care-worn face."

"I do", answered John faintly. - something seemed to trouble him.

"You Knew her also, John Boggs, when you were a young man."

No reply.

"It was said you were going to marry her, but, no one Knew why, the engagement was broken off."

The tears were now falling fast.

"She married another, some years afterwards, who died and left her very poor. If she had married you, John Boggs, she would not have had to struggle on by herself these six long years. How was it?"

John made no answer, but he sobbed aloud.

"Were you sorry towards her too, John Boggs? Did you chill her heart too with your ill-humour? Did you receive her endearments with that sour face and answer her affection by harshness and grumbling? Tell me that, John Boggs."

"I did, God forgive me! I did. I see it all now: it was I that caused her trouble."

The spirit spoke not for a long time. At last he said, in a strange, meaning way: "You are a queer man, John Boggs: everybody says so!"

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"Hallo!" exclaimed John Boggs, springing up from his chair: "have I been asleep! why it is broad daylight; and hark! there are the bells ringing a welcome to Christmas! Where's the ghost? Was it a dream? I don't care whether it was

or not: if it was, it was a very good one; that is all I can say about it. How merry I do feel this morning! I never felt so on a Christmas morning before. it must be something in the air: — or perhaps it 's that dream, — that is if it was a dream. I 'll go to the widow Carbody 's this morning, as soon as I can get her a good big turkey. How natural she did look last night in that dream! Confound this old house! how lonely it is without anyone here to speak to! I wonder if she likes me still, in spite of my crossness. If she does n't, I 'll make her like me; — see if I don't! and — and — well, never mind! we 'll see about that too, by & by!" So John kept on talking to himself and running about the room, to the great astonishment of the superannuated servant, who thought John Boggs had certainly gone crazy; till, by way of variety, he took it into his head to go out into the street, where he shook hands with all whom he met, wishing them a "Merry Christmas" over and over again, and clapping them on the back in such a hearty, jovial way, that it did one good to look at him. Then the number of turkeys and chickens and rounds of beef and the quantities of groceries, and wines, and provisions of all sorts that he kept sending to the widow Carbody (and to everybody else too, but to her especially), and the cheerful, ruddy face he wore when he went there himself, & the hearty greetings, and the reparation, and the — but it is not fair to expose John's secrets: we will pass over the next thing they did.

Well, John 'tis no' ea! a

solitary dinner that day, nor did he feel very melancholy that evening, as we sat by the widow's fireside. The Ghost never came again, and before a great while, there was a change in John Boggs' household, and the superannuated servant was no longer mistress; and I should not wonder if something else were to happen, one of these days, but that is none of our business.

—o o o—

"Jam satis terris nivis." &c

Horace - Book I. Ode 2d.

We've got enough of snow to spoil the skating,
And wind enough to keep the snow from packing,
So that the boys can't have the fun of pelting
Those great big snow-balls.

And what a prospect in the next vacation,
For those poor devils who are forced to stay here,
Feeding on mince pie, pork, sour Kraut & cabbage,
Cornicake and apples!
With no kind of sport to keep them from freezing;
Their fingers too cold to handle the snowballs;
Afraid to go skate, lest the loafers in Brookville
Give them a thrashing.

The Reading Room open, but the first Prefect
Wont let them talk there, although in vacation.
No games in the playroom & nothing to cheer them
Not even a snow-fort.

Even McGuinny wont come up on Tuesday,
Nor upon Thursday, with his big cake-baskets,
Filled up with bolivars, peachpies and peanuts,
Doughnuts and apples.

Forced to get up a good while before daylight,
Wash, and hear Mass with eyes hardly open:
Then in to breakfast, to swallow weak coffee
And dig into corncake.

Can't even smoke in "the halls" of the "palace";
For scarce has the pipe been well "got-a-going",
When 'round the corner comes, puffing & blowing,
Some hard hearted prefect.

But on the days when they go to the city,
What glorious visions come flocking before them
Of eating at Taylor's, or dining at Gosling's
And going to Barnum's!

And on returning, when coming from Fordham,
If accidentally one should feel glorious,
How often will he, ere reaching the College
Roll in a snow-drift!

When all is over, what fun then in ducking
Those who return with such pitiful faces;

Though filled to o'erflowing, – their hearts with regret, – and
Their stomachs with turkey!

Thoughts on the GooseQuill
& A "Happy Christmas" to her Editor.

By Tumbletoes Tubwater.

I want to write something for the Christmas number of the Goosequill. Hann has requested of us contributions, to help him fill the Christmas box which, in the goodness and simplicity of his heart, he has taken the trouble to prepare for the students of St. John's and for his "readers". Oh dear! to think what an innocent creature that Hann is! But no wonder: he is related to the patriarchs, and they say that those old gentlemen were extremely simple. "His readers": what patrons of literature! Who are his readers? Wait, and I will try to tell you.

Allow me to anticipate time. It is the day of the appearance of the Christmas number. Our beautiful Reading Room, lately so tastefully adorned by the brush and finger of the artist, is crowded. It being a rather cold day, chairs are drawn near the stove, which is decidedly the centre of attraction. "Ah!" says one: "here's the Christmas

number of the Goosequill: let us go and see it. It must be pretty good. By the way (to his neighbour) who is Ham?' (Neighbour) "How do you suppose I Know? Come; anyhow, let us go and see what Ham has to say for himself." And the chairs are moved out, and their occupants move away and feet hitherto cold move in, & voices that long have complained of a want of chairs are hushed. And now let us hear the opinion of the crowd on the Goose Quill. "Pretty good, that article," says one. "Not so good as this poetry," says another. "Talking of Christmas, are you going to stay here during the vacation?": "I stay here! catch me in the old hole after next Sunday!" "Ham has some wit", says a third. "Rather dry wit", says a fourth. "I don't think so", says a fifth. "Anyhow, he deserves credit for what he has done", says the first. "He does that," says the second. "I would rather be reading a novel", says the third "Who wouldn't?" says the fourth. "I would like to Know who Ham is", says the fifth. "Ha! ha!" laughs one: "that is first rate!" "Tut! it is rather a stale expression", says another. "Come, that is all: let us go out and have some snowballing." And the crowd disperses, and the Goose Quill is left deserted, and such are the "readers" and such is the "reading"!

But do you think that Ham is discouraged? I Know the gentleman, though I will not tell you his name. I see him stand near, listen to the remarks of his readers, & smile at their criticisms. Tell me that he is disappointed! Why he is as cheerful and gay as any one else. "No one has said I am

a fool", he mutters," and as long as they do not give me that epithet- I am satisfied, and so is the Goose Quill. Ham will admire it, and laugh at it too, if no one else will." But- some one else will, Mr Ham; for there are two or three reading it now, whose eyes drink in every word, and whose silence tells that the Goose Quill does interest some, and whose smiles and occasional laughs prove that they think there is something amusing in those pages. And they go away and speak its praises, and Ham hears them, and Ham thanks them, and vows in his heart that as long as he likes the Goose Quill, and as long as those few like it, it shall continue to flourish.

But as yet I have written nothing for the paper, and already my spare time has passed! What shall I do to show my good will towards my friend Ham? I will send him these thoughts, and he may do with them what he pleases; but as I am sure he will wish us all a "Merry Christmas", I will wish him one in return, and breathe a hope for the continued good health of the Goose Quill & its Editor.

TRAVELS AND TRAVELLERS

Ham, -

How would you like to have some "leaves from the note book of a traveller"? Travels always find plenty of readers, and generally excite a good share of interest and attention, and I do not think that the Goose Quill [illegible]

yet entertained us with any production of the sort. Why travellers are so popular, I never could understand. Certainly none of them are given to observing in their accounts strict Gospel truth; and it is a singular characteristic of them that they never agree. One always sees greater wonders than his predecessor, and invariably outvies him in descriptions of strange sights & adventures, well suited to excite the admiration and interest of his readers.

From these considerations I thought it would not be amiss to send you some manuscripts which accidentally came into my possession. They are the notes of a traveller lately defunct. However, I would wish you to understand that it has been out of my power to discover the localities and things of which he speaks. In fact, very little information on this subject can be gleaned from his notes, as he seems to confine himself to a singular conciseness of style and narration, intending, perhaps to enlarge, at a future period, upon the circumstances and places to which he alludes.

"Leaves from the Note book of a Traveller."

Got into the cars. - Cars very slow, conductor very impudent, stopping places innumerable. - After being shaken for about an hour and a half, till I began to think my knees were dislocated, got out of the cars to examine amount of damages; - found my fears groundless, and that there was no need of looking for a blacksmith, - I mean a doctor (professions though are analogous. - both deal in rough,

work and the mending of animals). Resolved to examine the place in which Providence and the shaking of the cars had landed me. Saw a few houses; all frame houses, by the by; saw three men; supposed that they were the inhabitants. Nothing interesting in the place, so resolved to proceed farther; did so; came in sight of a large building, — rather, a quantity of buildings, all joined together; remarkable architecture; varied masonry; different colors; domes; steeples; &c, &c, &c. Determined to visit the place. Inferred that it was a Penitentiary: never had seen the interior of an institution of the Kind, so made up my mind to examine it. Large lawn in front of the buildings: saw a few cows; cows very thin; this was but natural, for there was very little for them to eat in the way of grass, plenty of rock. through. — Came up to the front entrance; rang the bell; an old man appeared; inferred that he was a turnkey; very hard at understanding; could not speak; — at least, could not make out what he said. Concluded that this was a deaf and dumb institution; made signs to the old man that I would like to go through the building; he got frightened, and moved off at a good pace. Began to be surprised and to hesitate; resolved, however, to enter; did so; found the inside corresponding with the outside; colors various; architecture singular, doors numerous. Met some of the inmates; dress very strange; black gowns; three-cornered hats; not very conversational. Asked to go through the institution; offered to show me. They conducted me into many rooms; some contained paintings; paintings rather indiffe-

ent productions. Heard a great noise; informed me it was "the boys": supposed that they meant the deaf and dumb: said I pitied the unfortunate creatures: conductors grew indignant; asked why they were unfortunate; said they were treated well. Answered I did not doubt it, but it was a misery to be shut up all their lives; grew quite sentimental on the subject. My conductors looked surprised: I began to waver; concluded that I had made a mistake; it must be a lunatic asylum, and these gentlemen were crazy. Tried to turn the conversation; they would not do so; seemed to desire to discuss the matter. Remembered that crazy people must be dealt gently with; therefore tried to calm them. They waxed warm; told me this was a College. Sensible of my mistakes: begged their pardon. The latter granted; continued on my tour of inspection. Went into a large room; told me it was the "refectory": saw plenty of plates; also saucers and cups, &c; table-cloths of rather singular tint; much spotted; much varied; all corresponding with the building itself. Plates too were different; some large; some small; some white; some of a doubtful color: edges irregular; some resembling saws; others not.

Visited another large room; walls frescoed with ink; windows numerous; desks in plenty; cleanliness not remarkable. Noticed a great many holes in the floors of some rooms; inferred that they were trap-doors. Saw some of "the boys"; a queer looking set; some thin and some fat; some tall and some short; some with dusky looking faces, and others whiter; none,

however, remarkably so.

Saw another class of persons; could not make out their occupation; noticed that they all had a slow gait, and seemed to take things extremely easy.

Visited the grounds; some horses; seemed not to be overfed; many dogs, and some sheep. Bade goodby to my conductors, and left the place; wondered at what I had seen; mused much; conjectured much; came to no conclusion.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

We have received from "Scorpion" a poem of some merit, entitled a "Tale of Chivalry." And indeed it possesses all the qualifications for a tale of that kind, viz,- a gentleman and lady of the mediaeval period, who, besides being man and wife, are respectively -

"In lowing he the bravest knight,
"The Queen of beauty she."

The gentleman goes to Palestine and

"Braves the Paynim's spleen"

The lady undergoes various trials during the gentleman's absence, and finally, when almost forced to yield, the caller worthy personage returns just in the nick of time to prevent some awful catastrophe; which being prevented, gentleman, lady and poet are happy - and the poem ends.

Want of space prevents us from giving the whole. How-

ever we present a part of it, as will enable the reader to accompanied by such remarks follow the drift of the

TALE OF CHIVALRY.

By Scorpion.

I dreamed last night a long, long dream
Of the iron days of old,
The feudal time, the gallant age
Of Knightly deeds and bold.

It was the merry Christmas time
And at the festal board
The vassals bold of fair Lorraine
Were gathered 'round their lord.
The gallant Knight was there enthroned.
In all his feudal state,
And by his side his lovely bride
The lady Emma sate.

Alphonso and his lovely bride!
No nobler pair could be:
In tourney he the bravest Knight,
The queen of beauty she.
But when the gladsome revelry
Waxed boisterous and loud
There came across the baron's brow
A dark, unseemly cloud.

He mused awhile with downcast eye,
Nor silence did he break;
Till thus unto her gallant Lord
The lady Emma spake:
"Why sits, my lord thus silently,
"With eyes cast down to earth?
"Why joins he not our revelry;
"Why shares he not our mirth?"

The Knight arose; the revel ceased,
He spake unto the crowd
Of vassals in the festal hall,
With manly voice and loud.
"My gallants," said the baronet;
"Why feast we here to-day,
"While in the distant Paynim land
"Our King is far away?

"Why go we not to stand with him
"Against the Moslem spear;
"While deeds are done in Palestine,
"Why linger warriors here?
"Let's arm them in the holy cause;
"In shame no longer rest;
"Let's haste to brave the battle with
"The warriors of the West!

"Then cast aside the banquet cup,
"The sword and helm assume.
"We celebrate the cradle now;
"Let's battle for the tomb!"

The baron paused;- a murmur ran
Throughout the gothic hall,
That swelled at last to thunder, like
The avalanche's fall.

Thus far has the poet gone in triumph. He has got his hero making speeches over his cups in bad verse, and "debating on the Crusades" to an audience fast asleep and snoring "like avalanches." Well,-

"Then silence reigned throughout the hall."

(from which we infer that the audience were awake), there arose a speaker on the negative, in the person of

"A warder, white with age,"

who maintained his cause during several stanzas, with considerable warmth, numerous semicolons, and many very questionable rhymes.

From this discourse, we would conclude that the "white warder" was a little 'green', and in this, we are happy to state, the worthy Knight coincides with us, though from somewhat different motives, for he declares that the old gentleman

'Has age without experience;"

and moreover that

"He vainly tries, by well-turned words,
To hide his craven heart;"

whereas we, who have nothing particular against the venerable individual, only regret that he paid so little regard to the rules of syntax.

Here "the lady Emma", who, from the fact of her having opened the debate without saying a word upon the subject, we took to be the chairman, entered the lists & espoused the negative side of the question. Her speech, owing we suppose, to the fact of her having spoken

"In silvery tones and low,"

is but imperfectly reported. However, she

"---- besought her lord
"In quiet to remain,
"With all his gallant subjects, in
"The land of fair Lorraine."

Still, the noble Alphonso, having constituted himself chairman in lieu of his "lovely bride" who, as we have seen had entered the debate upon the negative, forgetting all that gallantry which ought to characterize a Knight of his standing, equally regardless of "fair Lorraine" and his "fair lady", and paying no attention to the fact that lady Emma, by conferring upon him the dignity of royalty, had repaired the injustice of the poet, who after raising the Knight to the rank of baron, degraded him to that of baronet, without any reason whatever, unless perhaps because he (the Knight, not the poet) indulged too freely in his Christmas potations; - heedless, we say, of all this, he decided for the affirmative, viz., that he, the said Knight, baron, baronet & King, would lead all who wished to follow him to Palestine, "to battle for the cross" Then he concluded by calling all who would not follow him very hard names, and declared that they were "hearts of hare", from which fact we infer that the Knight had lost his temper and was an admirer of Sir Walter Scott, (vid. Battle of Flodden Field Marmion.)

Here ends the first part. Let us give, in a few words, the substance of both the second, and then pass to part the third and last.

In part the second, while Alphonso, as in duty bound, is performing Knightly feats in Syria, "A certain count of great
[illegible]",
(as is invariably the case

in rules of chivalry),

"Makes love to lady Emma

and

"The lands of fair Lorraine".

Poor lady! what is she to do? Here is "a count of great renown", who is "handsome, young and brave", and who swears eternal love, &c,&c; while on the other hand there is only a simple Knight, or at most a baron, who is "far away in Paynim land", with a thousand chances of getting killed and "never coming back" no more". How is she to decide? She determines to remain faithful to the absent Alphonso until Christmas; which she does, notwithstanding a report that that individual is dead

Christmas, part the third, and the absent Alphonso all come together: the first with ~~a boisy~~ much rejoicing, the second with a brief announcement, in very tangled verse; and the third in the disguise of a palmer.

The pseudo palmer is well received in his own castle by the lovely lady and loving count. And when the time comes (towards the end of the tale, of course, according to the rules universally observed in such chivalric romance) when the anxious wife asks the palmer "if in the Syrian plain", he has seen, known or heard of a certain "Alphonso of Lorraine"? accompanying the question with

"A deep & heavy sigh",

the palmer replies, as all other palmers (i.e. Knights in disguise) do under similar circumstances; viz, with a very plausible tale, "got up for the occasion". the substance of which is that he has known the said "Alphonso of Lorraine", and that he furthermore knows him to have been slain

"While fleeing from a bloody

"fight;
"In which the crescent fell."
At this piece of intelligence, the lady turned pale. Her pallor however did not prevent the count from pressing his suit to her hand and heart, which he did in two very eloquent stanzas. But having reflected rather severely upon the conduct of the worthy Knight, the lady accused him as well as the palmer of falsehood, and maintained that if her lord had fallen,

"He fell upon the battle-field,
"And perished not in flight."

But here she was interrupted by

"The palmer, who had thrown aside
"His pilgrim's cloak & staff,
"And thus addressed the trembling count,
"With wild, half scornful laugh:

"'Sir count, behold before you now
"'Him that you thought was slain,-
"'Whose name you cast dishonor on,-
"'Alphonso of Lorraine!'
"He spake; and there before the count
"An armèd warrior stood,
"Who held within his mailèd hand
"His trusty sword & good."

Tale draws near a close;- single combat;- count wounded,- falls,- dies. Lady Emma screams,- faints, recovers; - and the poem ends!

The poet however informs us that the hero and heroine of the tale enjoyed a "Merry Christmas." We hope that Scopi may do the same.

—o—

Creation.

By Lyman Loveloo, Potsdam.

"Ante mare, et terras, et quod tegit omnia cœlum,
Unus erat toto naturæ vultus in orbe
Quem dicere chaos." Ovid. Met. I.

From Chaos' womb, at God's command, to life
Forth sprang the world, rejoicing at its birth.
For ages long, through heaven's vast expanse,
In masses huge and shapeless rolled this sphere,-
Existence, Being, void of Form; until
From highest heaven's sacred seat there came
A voice, oh' Omnipotent! "Let there be light!"
And light there was; and Earth, newborn, awaked.
As when the pregnant storm clouds mount the sky,
As thunders roll, the livid lightnings flash;
E'en thus the Earth, submissive unto God!
The Eternal Father, filled with joy serene,
Calls forth his counts celestial to regard
The budding world, the offspring of his love.
With [illegible] unshadowed furrowing his cheek
He gazeth long upon Creation fair,
Upon its bosom looks, and there beholds
Its forests dense, in verdure ever green,
Undying, clothed; and buds of every hue:
The modest rose,- no thorn its blush protects,-
The dahlia, violet and lily pure,

On high their heads erecting, as to vie
With every taller monarch of the wood,
Which crystal streamlets lave with murmuring sweet.
From bough to bough there flitted in the shade,
Of every plume, ofe every species, hue,
The feathered Kind, in garb of beauty clad;
Whose trilling note each sighing zephyr steals,
And echo fills with melody divine.
On plains adjacent skips the playful Kid;
Its bleating parent hies in fond pursuit,
Till, overcome by appetite and joy,
It bends to taste the mother's teeming breast.
In mood sedater roams the lion King;
The timid rest his awful voice affrights,
Who, homage paying, bend before his path.
In eager way to yonder limpid stream.

Thus all the land a smiling image wears,
And satisfied, He turns him to the Deep.
Nor yet had whirlwinds ploughed the liquid field,
Nor storm, nor tempest yet had heaved its breast;
Unrippled coursed it on, a mirror of the sky,
Reflecting true its azure tints and blue.
In sportive play the dripping Dolphin shoots
Swift through the air, to cheat the weary game,
As o'er the surface skim the eager chase.
Th' unwieldy porpoise and voracious Shark
Unwonted sweet communion hold; and
The spouting monarch of the flood, the whale,
Intruding welcome, joins the lengthened tale.
In groups now mixed mark the finny tribe,
Or darting from the surface, seek, below

The dark cerulean wave, the coral cell;
Where, skirting swift, in turn the weed-grown rock
Surround, and vainly tempt its shaggy sides.

High in the heavens rolls the refulgent orb!
O'er nature whole its slanting beams do shed
The warmth of life; and nourishment do give
To things of earth, and rear them from the birth.
No blackened clouds its golden rays obscure;
No threatening tempest dims the light of day:
From seas of molten silver seem to fall
The gentle quiverings of the generous flame.
Thus all creation from the blazing fount
Receives new lustre and new beauty gains.

One sweet paternal gaze He giveth 'round;
Then fondly looks above, & murmurs: "It is good"
His angels wing their way, and echo: "it is good!"

A Political Epigram.

Hem,.

Be it known, that an old woman himself, has been
Myron H. Clark, the candidate of elected governor; by virtue of which
the strongminded women, and I perpetrate the following- Yours. W.

How happy were we if beautiful France
Our present annoyances saw,
For then would she send with her sons, perchance,
Her good old Salic law!

TO OUR READERS.

It is now about two months since, under circumstances by no means favorable to our undertaking, and, we must confess, with some doubts as to our ultimate success, we issued the first number of the Goose Quill. Our purpose was to amuse and entertain our fellow-students and ourselves. In such an attempt as this it might surely have been expected that we would meet with nought but encouragement and assistance. This however we did not expect, and experience has proved us right. We knew that we would have to encounter much opposition, to bear with still more indifference, and to receive, as the reward of our labors the sneers of many, the silence of a large number, - the warm commendations of but few. We thank those who have assisted us, and thank them from our hearts. They have toiled with us in the same field, they have shared the same labors, they are to reap the same harvest, and surely indeed would it be if from such a mutual participation of cares and pleasures there sprang not up between us a mutual good will

Others there are however who from the very outset have shown towards us the bitterest animosity. The mere fact that it was manifested before the appearance of our first number is sufficient proof that the cause of this exists in themselves, not in the Goosequill. Experience on this must have taught them that they cannot harm us: let charity and good sense now move them to bury their hostility in the grave of '54, and to begin a new year on better terms with

HAM.

FAREWELL

The merry, merry days have come, the gladdest of the year,
When wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown & (sere
Can lessen not our happiness, nor take that joy away
Which pleasures we anticipate to each of us convey.

But mid the many pleasures that are yet within the gloom
Of days that are to come, one only sorrow findeth room;
A momentary sadness will it cast upon the heart,-
It is that to be happy, fellow-students, we must part.

Yet happy let our parting be, for free from every care,
Our Latin, and our Logic, and our classes we forswear:
We go into the holidays to seek for and enjoy
A pleasure which we hope will prove without the least (alloy

The merry, merry days have come; the parting hour is nigh;
So, readers of the Goose Quill, now we bid you all goodbye:
To those who leave the College, & to those who in it stay
We a very "merry Christmas" & a "happy New Year's day"!

HAM'S

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Since many expect that Ham cannot do less
Than open the year with a New Year's Address,
He'll straddle his Pegasus, call on his Muse,
And if neither of these worthy persons refuse
To help him along in his moment of need
Away to the groves of Parnassus he'll speed;
And there having entered, it matters not how,
According to custom so prevalent now,
He'll bring from that happy and much invoked clime
A New Year's address in a doggerel rhyme.

But Ham has no carrier; that much is true;
And so much the better, dear reader, for you,—
In as much as you will not be called on to give
"A quarter" to help the poor devil to live.

But now the address! Ham must say he's in doubt
Concerning the matter it should be about.
What shall he do? Shall he vagely prate

Of wars, and of battles, and matters of state?
Of Greytown, and Cuba, and money affairs?
Of markets depressed by the "bulls" and the "bears"?
Of times that are hard, and of other such stuff,
Of which we have recently heard quite enough?
Or shall he discuss the event of the war?
Have a poke at the Turk, or a lick at the Czar?
Or, better yet, more ferocious and fierce,
Come down upon Marcy, or hammer at Pierce?
Or shall he rather select as a mark
Ex governor Seymour, or Governor Clark?
Or else, at once giving a much wider scope
To his venomous Quill, have a pop at the Pope?
Let us, gentle readers! but here let us stray
From the custom that papers observe on this day,
And make no endeavour the Goose Quill to use
To slander or cut, to revile or abuse.
But merely, before our poor doggerel ends,
Wish a Happy New Year to our readers and friends,
And pray that both they and the Goose Quill may thrive
And prosperous grow in the year '55.

The Goose-Quill

JAN. 7. No. 6. 1855

Intercepted Letters - No. 3.

From Master Theodore Throckwattle, at College, to his friend, Master Thos. Tripplepate, in town.

Dear Tom,-

No doubt you have been enjoying a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year's day, and a pleasant vacation in town, and all sorts of fun to your heart's content; while poor I, alas! have had to stay all the time in this dear and venerated old hole! Would you believe it, Tom? they were actually so mean as not to let me go home, because, forsooth, I "did not behave well,- was idle, troublesome, &c"! a pretty reason, indeed! just as if that had anything to do with it! They day the boys went home was dreary enough here. There were only about ten or twelve forlorn looking faces left to keep company with my pensive visage, and you may well believe that I did not find them very cheerful companions. How in the world we got through that day, I am

ture I could not tell; every minute seemed an hour long, and when dinner time came, we felt very much as travellers in the desert must feel when they come to one of those little round spots on the map, where all the grains of sand seem to have been rubbed off with the tip of somebody's finger, – an "oasis", I believe they call it.

The next morning we went down into the Reading Cellar, as soon as breakfast was over, and determined to spend the day there, but we found no fire. There were a few contemptible newspapers on the files, and these we tore down, crammed them into the stove, and began to hunt for wood; but finding none, we broke up a couple of chairs & soon had a good fire. There we sat for hours and hours every day, until the janitors and scrubbers came to turn us out, & left us adrift on the wild waste of a court yard, memorable for mighty holes and industrious laborers.

After that, dear Tom, you cannot form an idea of the miseries, and hardships, and cruel persecutions which we had to undergo. Not a novel could we get that was not taken from us, and a splendid pirate tale was confiscated just as I was at the most beautiful part, – where the pirate and the lover are fighting, the lover wounded, and the beautiful young lady about to throw herself before him. Was not that a shame! Then I cannot tell you how many cigars I had to throw away just as I was beginning to smoke them, nor how many pipes of mine were seized and broken.

Every time I tried to steal any cakes from the refectory, there was sure to be some one coming in a standing there, — on purpose to catch me, I know, — and I think I had to write for punishments, at different times, at least five books of Virgil. Was not this abominable! And now to crown all, the vacation is over, the students have returned, and I am forced to go at those horrid old books again. I hate them more and more every day of my life.

Your unhappy friend
Theodore Throckwattle.

Tom Hood not dead!

We received the other day from a friend a letter (evidently just closed, for the wafer was still wet) which he informed us had been given him the day before in the city, with the request that he would forward it to the editor of the Goosequill. On opening it, we found, copied by a hand with which we are well acquainted, the "Dream of Eugene Aram". Now we were not aware that the lamented Mr. Thomas Hood was still in the land of the living; but as our friend gives us to understand that he met him in New York, and as we are unwilling to doubt his word, strong as is the circumstantial evidence against him, we must conclude that the story of the death of that poet was a mere fiction, got up for the purpose of raising his reputation, fact-

itating the sale of his works, or perhaps eluding the grasp of some inexorable sheriff's officer. We are greatly obliged to Mr. Hood however for sending us the above justly admired verses, but as they have already appeared once or twice in different publications, we object to inserting them in the Goose-Quill. By the way, it is so long since Tom Hood has written, that we imagine he must be a little out of practice. We noticed in this copy of his verses some faults which we would scarcely expect to find there.

But seriously, we are rather surprised that any one should have thought of attempting to palm off upon Ham so barefaced a deception as this. We have had reason to suspect similar attempts before, and if any really original communications have been unanswered by us, the injured authors must lay the blame upon our friend Shem (or Sham,— we could scarcely decipher his signature), and others like him, who have inclined us to suspect the genuineness of almost every article of great merit which we receive.

THE HOLE.

There came without the Study room, not very long ago,
(A fact which all the readers of the Goose Quill ought to know)
A pickaxe, & a brother, & a shovel, & a spade.
And quickly in the frozen ground a spacious hole they made.

Now numerous the guesses were, & various, & queer
Which every one was making when this cavern did appear;
Some saying that the hole was for an applecellar meant,
And others that a cistern was its evident intent.

More said it was a sepulchre intended for "old Bill";
While others fain would bury a more noted person still;
But many more asserted and believed beyond a doubt
That the brothers sought to China a direct adelphic route!

But the hole is not a cistern, nor a cellar, nor a tomb,
Nor e'en a route to China, as so many did presume;
But the brothers merely dug it to replace that pile of clay
Which, when they fixed the alley, ancient William hauled away!

Letter
from
PISISTRATUS.
No. 3.

"Another letter from Pisistratus! he has not forgotten me", you will doubtless say. No, he has not; and to begin, Mr. Pisistratus wishes Mr. Ham a happy New Year, - hopes the gentleman has enjoyed a merry Christmas, hopes that the Goose Quill will continue in good health, and hopes, - but no; he has nothing else to hope. And now having finished hoping, which, by the way, is a very unprofitable business, - I intend saying something else.

When I first introduced myself to you, upon hearing of your intention to become an editor, I sent you a little advice which was suggested by experience, and which a desire for your welfare and that of your paper prompted me to give. It may have been good, & it may have been bad, - as regards that, Pisistratus Reeps his opinion to himself. Any how, you followed it; whether because it came from me, or because you thought it would be profitable, or because it could do you no harm, or because it corresponded with your own ideas, is of no importance. So far, so good. The consequence has been, - what? That the Goosequill has flourished, won friends, intimidated enemies, pleased the majority, justly offended none; and you, Ham Esq, as you are pleased to style yourself, with your associates, Ham Sr., Ham Jr., Muddlepuddles (or something of the Kind), Toewater, and other such gentlemen, whose names it might puzzle any lawyer to recollect and pronounce, have risen to respectability & consideration.

The time has come, Ham, when you must consider yourself on good terms with everybody. If you have enemies still, believe me, they have not the power to do you harm, nor will they attempt it; therefore refrain from speaking of them any more. Your Christmas number was very good, - your best. You had a story, - that was right, poetry, - some serious, some amusing; all well written (on the subject of poetry this is a great deal from me); you had other articles, - all good, - and you had an editorial which was just the thing.

You are a good soul, Ham; very forgiving. – I know that; and you do not think it worth while to harp upon trifles, or upon what is more trifling, upon triflers. Therefore I repeat, henceforth leave them alone in their glory, unless they wish to try the fortune of war again; in such a case, do with them as you judge best.

I commenced this letter with the intention that it should be very serious & very dry. I suppose you will conclude that I have succeeded with a vengeance. Be this as it may, and be my letter as dry as you choose, good will & good intentions cover a great many faults, & let them likewise atone for the defects of

your friend

PISISTRATUS.

Charade.

By Laph.

Gentle and soft my nature is;
O'er steel I boast superior force;
Of little worth and low degree
Still know in me of wealth the source.
Enduring are my works as stone;
Quickly from good to bad I turn,
Useful I am, more hurtful none.
If hence my name you cannot learn,
Like poet lost, my second chew,
Leave thought aside, my first are you.

A Strange Circumstance.

I was sitting in the study room one day during the vacation, musing over the bad weather, the prospects of our enjoying any skating before the close of the winter, and other topics of a similarly amusing character, when there happened something very strange, something altogether astonishing, which I have never been able to account for. Do not think that I was asleep,- not a bit of it: I would not have you imagine such a thing for the world. I was rather drowsy, I acknowledge, but not asleep; of that I am positive.

I was sitting, as I said before, in the study room, when suddenly a dusty old desk, which had not been renovated for several years, opened its mouth (I should have said its lid), extended its fore-legs in the air, like a man's arms, and yawned, actually yawned, as if just awakened from a long sleep. "Oh dear!" it exclaimed, bringing down its arms with a heavy thump: "What a dreary place this is! It was quite different, once upon a time, I assure you!" "Why," said I, somewhat amazed; "I should think you would greatly prefer quiet and rest to the hard labor which most of your companions here have to undergo." "Prefer it!" rejoined the desk; "prefer to be left alone, with nothing to look at all day,- my face turned to

the wall, and my back covered with dust! Not a bit of it! As for labor, why I fancy I have done a pretty good deal of it in my day, and done it pretty well too; but now I am growing old. My limbs are not as strong and as sound as they used to be, and they thrust me aside, as good for nothing. That's the way with men, - ungrateful wretches!" And here the old desk gave two or three short, wheezy coughs, as if its throat were choked up with the dust of centuries.

"Still, I've seen rare fun, too, and I see some yet, now and then, but it is not to compare with what they used to have of old", continued the worm-eaten sinner, after a short pause: "we had great shops here then, and I belonged to one of the best of them. He made me hold queer things sometimes. Once, I remember, I had to swallow a cat, but- the gave me such a pain in my bowels that I was obliged to let her go. Then what an uproar there was! Stones, sticks, dictionaries, chairs, even boots, flew in all directions. The cat ran under and over everything, tearing up to the pulpit, almost worrying the poor prefect's life out, and making the confusion as great as possible. I am not naturally cruel to animals, but after the clawing she had given me, I must say I was not very sorry to see her so treated. Nowadays, I take no part in any kind of amusement; but I hear a great deal of fun going on around me. By the by, can you tell me who sits in that seat (pointing with one arm - excuse me, I mean foreleg, - to a neighbouring desk), because whoever he is, he gives me more

amusement than all the rest put together. There is nothing I love so much as to see the prefect get vexed" — and the old desk began to laugh & shake until I expected to see it fall down in a fit: then clapping its hands (you must allow me the expression) to its sides, it began to dance around the room in a paroxysm of delight. till at length, tripping up over a chair, it fell against me, and we both rolled over together on the floor. I soon disengaged myself, and with one eye full of ink, my clothes covered with dust, and my body with bruises, proceeded to demand the reason of such unwarrantable behaviour, but not a word could I elict from the offender, and although I have tried several time since then to renewe the conversation, the desk still preserves an obstinate silence. But I was not asleep; of that I am positive.

Humphrey Muddlepate.

We are very anxious to hear again from "Lyman Cooloo." Let us have the second part soon.

Has "Timothy Toothpick" finished that interesting book which he was reading?

If the lines which we give on the next poage be original Jeremiah Blinks deserves our warmest thanks for his really beautiful little poem. At all events, we shall never regret having published it in the Goose Quill.

Lines
on
A Frozen Window-pane.

By Jeremiah Blinds

What strange, fantastic forms are here,
By winter's hand displayed!
A thousand fairy scenes appear,
To fancy's eye portrayed.

Yet, while I gaze, the morning sun
Darts forth his powerful ray;
The crystal forms in streamlets run,
And mingling melt away.

How like the visionary schemes
We frame when life is new!
How like to this our youthful dreams,—
As light, as transient too!

Experience, like the beam of morn,
Dissolves the projects vain,
And fleet the plans of folly born,
As melts the frozen pane.

Vacation.

"Of course Ham will say something about the Vacation. Of course he will fill up the half of his paper with an account,—amusing enough, perhaps,—of all that has happened to him during the past thirteen days!" This, no

doubt, is what many of our readers have said; but 'of course' Ham intends to do nothing of the sort. The eight delicious days between Christmas and New year's are eventful enough when compared with the weeks & weeks that roll on here in monotonous succession; but we doubt very much if any one of us, on comparing notes with his fellows, could find more to boast of or more to account than others who visit their homes and enjoy themselves as much as they are able before returning to prefects and studies, and all the other miseries of College life.

"Just imagine", say some: "for so many days we have been drinking in pleasure at every breath, enjoying freedom, rest, every kind of delight; sleeping until nine or ten o'clock every morning; remaining at home, or taking a walk; rambling through Broadway, or going to Barnum's; feeding upon minced pies, turkeys, and holiday plum puddings, and never deigning to open a book upon any pretence whatever. And now we have to come back, go to bed with the chickens, & get up long before them; study for an hour while the sun is lying comfortably in bed, and then go to class, after just swallowing coffee and corncake enough to keep us alive until dinner. And this must be so for three long months, without cessation! oh dear!"

Now to all such complaints Ham had prepared a very sensible answer, when it suddenly occurred to him to ask whether he could reconcile his theory with his own practice. What answer he obtained to this inquiry — is nobody's business; — but he prudently determined not to make his views public.

The Goose-Quill

JAN. 21. No. 7. 1855.

OUR POLITICS.

Reader, has our heading surprised you? Will you read the word "Politics," and turn in disgust from the hackneyed subject, or will curiosity prompt you to go on, and learn Mann's views, as yet unexpressed through the columns of his paper, upon a matter now-a-days so variously and so frequently discussed? Were you to do the former, we would not wonder, nor would we grow indignant—"Politics" the hobby of our times & of our people, the constant, never exhausted theme of our press,—the topic of conversation, debate and dispute in every rank of society; "Politics," wherein our great men gain their only victories and sustain their most humiliating defeats,—can it be deemed wonderful if they sometimes prove wearisome,—can he be blamed who would seek refuge from them and close his ears to such monotonous sounds? No, indeed; and were these the politics of which we intend to speak, we would have reason to fear much, for

the future success of the Goose Quill. Our politics do not embrace the wide extent generally given to the word. They do not include "Hard-shells" or "Soft-shells", "Adamantines" or "Bramburners"; "Silver-greys"; "Freesoilers"; or "Abolitionists." They our own principles alone;- that is to say, they are yours, readers, & Sam's. They are the politics of what our friend Timothy Toothpick would call the "miniature world"

But you are growing impatient, so we will have done with introductions. Among us there are societies, some of long standing, and others of later date. Now, in regard to these associations there are conflicting opinions,- of this we are sure. Some see no use in them; others recognize their utility, but deny that it is sufficient to pay for the trouble of sustaining them: others again hold the very contrary opinion; and with these last we record our sentiments. Our principles therefore are decidedly conservative.

To those who entertain the first mentioned opinions, we shall answer nothing; for there is no argument to be held with such narrow minded individuals, whose ideas embrace themselves alone, and whose judgments, if they can be said to have any are not balanced between the public good or evil, but between their own likes & dislikes, which are, as is proper to ignorance, but ignoble. Happily the number of these persons is very small.

But in answer to such as are loath to make any exertion to sustain and support these associations, not because they see no benefit to be derived from them, but because this benefit appears to them unproportionate with the

means employed to acquire it, we would say, - admitting your last assertion, the fault is with yourselves: Were the means employed in the right manner, and with the proper spirit, the benefit would then become proportionate. As long as you lend your aid unwillingly and without energy, so long will you deem it thrown away. There has been improvement in this respect of late, and certainly the results must be felt and recognized. But the work is yet only half done, not because those who have the more immediate charge of it are wanting in their duty, but because they are not supported and aided as they should be. We would then be happy to see put in practice what we have attempted to show to be beneficial. That it would be successful, we have no doubt.

APPLES.

By Wood N. Nutmegs.

What is it makes our bosoms swell
With love for those who treat so well
The Students who at Fordham dwell?
'Tis apples.

What makes us languish, sigh, & wish
For dinner, even when there's fish?
It is that dear, familiar dish
Of apples.

But then why ask we, when we flock
To dinner, just at twelve o' clock;
"Where did they find this endless stock
Of apples?"

And when a fast-day comes around,
When meat is driven off the ground,
What dish delightful then is found?
— Baked apples.

Oh that we could the fond belief
Indulge, that there will be relief
Some day from this our constant grief
Of apples!

When Christmas pleasures we recall,—
The sleighride, theatre and ball,—
We count, as sweeter far than all,
No apples.

And as each day the cruel dame,
Pomona, treats us to the same,
We victims from our hearts exclaim —
"Hang apples!"

"Waglipper Ragpicker's" communication was received too late for this week's paper. It will be published next time.

Another Letter from "Timothy Toothpick."

Shin-bone Alley
Low countries.
Dec. 6th 1/54.

Dear Ham,-

The condition on which my second letter was written is now fulfilled. I have finished not only the work I was then reading, but even a second; now I am at a third. Already my head begins to be, not puffed up with ~~trash~~, but filled with sound knowledge,- the effect of a very rare cause,- of following one's own advice.

The independent though encouraging criticism passed by your readers upon my former letter, or rather upon the ideas contained in it inspired me with the thought of making a few remarks on independence itself; I mean independence of character. Of course this does not apply to you; the independence I speak of is your motto,- such at least is the impression produced on your readers. And be it said to the honor of the conductors of the Goose Quill that they are the first to introduce such a spirit into our miniature world.

That I may be as clear as possible, I will define my present topic- "a state of mind free from undue influences." This is a freedom which all covet, but which few, nowadays, possess. I admit it is difficult to acquire it; yet if we were to

understand the disadvantages of not possessing and the great advantages accruing from the acquisition of such a quality, methinks we would labour more earnestly to acquire this state of liberty.

Let us look at some of its advantages; the ruling passion of the age is to be popular; to have friends. Now if not the only, independence of character is certainly the surest means of acquiring true, lasting friends; for all feel and know that an independent man acts on sound principles. Moreover, every one must be the friend of him who is known to be guided in his thoughts and expressions, not by the whim of every one with whom he deals, but by a principle of right, of justice, of honor. Necessarily his views, humanly speaking, are unchangeable; and the reasons why one was his friend to day will exist tomorrow. Being founded on principle, his own friendship is reliable; reciprocally then can he rely on those who profess to be his friends.

For us young people, such a line of conduct is of incalculable advantage. If we do not accustom ourselves now to act from principle, what under heaven will become of us, when, after a few years spent in college, we shall be thrown upon a cold, unfeeling world? Suppose one of us to become a judge in after life; how will he be able to pronounce a just sentence, it may be against public opinion, if now he does not acquire the habit of acting in accordance with those principles which will enable him then fearlessly to act as his conscience may dictate? Shall we be able

to adopt everybody's opinion? impossible! It grieves me to the heart to see the young hope of our country afraid to express their just views when there is the slightest danger of not chiming in with the whims & false judgments of all around them. Judge then of my joy at seeing you advocate, not precisely in theory, but in practice, a principle so truly American as independence of character. A few of your readers perhaps do not approve of your course; but it matters little. Where is the American whose just indignation would not be aroused at being styled a slave? Yet a course of conduct opposite to yours would certainly merit the appellation. A leading principle with us ought to be, to aim at attaining a correct estimate of things, - to acquire a knowledge of things as they are.

I must not be accused of trying to enlighten; I only echo public opinion, at least on this point. For I am sure the great majority, if not all of your readers endorse my views of independence from all undue influence.

In the course of a conversation some days since held with a companion, we spoke of different Colleges and their customs. Amongst other interesting facts, he assured me that in a boarding School with whose regime he is acquainted independence of character was not known. Strange though it may appear, nevertheless he asserts it as a fact, that every one had his neighbour's and no one his own opinion. In course of time there was admitted as a student into the Institution a native of Mississippi, who had his own ideas about matters;

freely expressed them, & did not at all feel disposed to abandon them till proved false. It is needless to say he had few companions; he despised them all. On a certain occasion, whilst several with, thoughts not of whom he happened to be, were gathered around the principal of the establishment, landing to the skies something against which the day before they had been bitterly complaining, our Mississippian opened his eyes in astonishment, & muttered something that drew upon him the attention of the company. He then civilly stated he did not approve of the thing in question. He was requested to state his reasons against it, which he independently did. They were found just, and the disliked object was removed. His frankness and manliness gained for him the esteem of his superiors, with whom ever after he frequently and freely conversed. This drew upon him the hatred of his fellow-students, who applied to him epithets which it is unnecessary for me to repeat. In the course of some time however, one by one they came over to his way of thinking & acting. They afterwards expressed to him in the most lively terms how they detested their former conduct, how anxious they were to burst their bonds, but the required moral courage failed them. This sentiment indeed I believe to be true in the case of many, for conscience is there. They may speak in a boasting, frothy manner of their independence, but the most daring of them has to stifle the education he received at home. They are perfectly well aware that from their

infancy they have been taught highly to prize independence of character. Lest they should draw upon themselves the frown of some trifling fellow, whom in their hearts they despise, they really act against their own good sense & judgment. Moments will come when we cannot have, as the rule of our actions, the frown or smile of a companion. Exposed to the world's gaze, we shall have to ask ourselves not - will this please or displease? but - is it honorable or dishonorable?

By taking up this subject, and filling up the chasms I have left, you will confer a lasting benefit on

yours friend & well wisher

Timothy Toothpick.

The Skater.

By Leaph.

Away! away! o'er the frozen plain!
With ringing steel my heel is bound;
The ice like a mirror free from stain,
Far, far before and wide around.
I glide o'er the plain like a floating swan,
With graceful step and easy swing,
I circle around like a playful fawn,
Or match in flight the swallow's wing.
The sun look down from his fleecy throne,
Soft smiling, like the moon in Spring
No sound is heard but a sullen moan

Which from the tortured ice I wring.
I feel like an eagle cleaving the air
With speed that mocks the arrow's flight;
I feel as light and free from care
As though I were some fairy sprite.
Now rocking 'round like a ship at sea,
But gently as a babe at rest;
Now dashing along in reckless glee
As seeks the startled bird its nest;
Now wheeling and turning, with mystic skill,
I dance along with sylph like grace.
On the crystal chart with iron quill
Each quaint & curious figure trace.

CORRESPONDENCE.

One evening while sitting in that long & narrow hall of ours, on one of those green benches which the boys are so fond of knocking down (did you ever knock one of them down, Hamp?) and vainly trying to peer through the dense atmosphere of dust that surrounded me, in order to get a glimpse of the cruel boys who were walking up and down, busily engaged in the slaughter of some venerable old canine whom they called Tray, and who, they informed us, was both faithful and 'kind' (the more shame for using him so roughly), I fell a thinking; yes, it is a fact, - I fell a thinking). Well, I thought about the

Goose Quill, and about Ham, and I determined to find out who Ham was; so I began to look harder into the dusty cloud around to see if I could discover any clue to Ham: but no; dim figures passed and repassed, some with long and shadowy outlines, others like miniature thunder clouds, but I was convinced that Ham was none of these. Bell was rung,- went to prayers,- examined conscience,- went to bed- (That is the way that traveller of yours would write, but I don't approve of that style of composition). Well, when I got to bed, I began to think again about Ham; but no use. Ten o'clock, and I was thinking,- twelve o'clock, and I was thinking,- half after five o'clock, and I was sleeping,- five minutes before six, and I was washing,- ten minutes after six, and I was dreaming, dreaming that I was eating Ham on Friday, and making a toothpick out of a Goose Quill. Well, one hour after breakfast, and I was being examined, my head full of Ham. Now, Ham, you know when I do get a thinking, I can't stop. Well, somebody asked me to do a proposition in Geometry. I went up to the board, seized the chalk, and drew a monstrous triangle, H.A.M. I stopped. I was told to proceed. "Let HAM equal an unknown quantity." Here I stopped again: I was stuck,- dead stuck. But here I hit upon a bright thought: why couldn't I demonstrate who Ham is by Geometrical equations? Full of the subject, I entered upon the demonstration. I figured away rapidly, covered the whole board, & had just got as far as the transposition of the unknown quantities and the extraction of the cube root of Ham, when one of the examiners interrupted me, told me I

"did n't know what I was talking about, - was a lazy boy, and would have to undergo a very severe punishment." "I don't believe a word of it", said I, in my own mind. However, the next recreation day; I was forced to believe the last clause.

I intend to resume the calculation thus broken off, and to prove Ham's identity to a demonstration before the whole world. Now we understand each other, - don't we?

Yours &c.

Bucktooth Bimbendig.

Translation from Anacreon. "Εἰς Ἔρωτα".

By Clia. Arisph.

To chant the Grecian fame,
To mourn brave heroes slain
I wish; Oh haste ye from above,
Ye muses sweet! inspire
My never changing lyre,
Which whispers nought but love.

But late its chords I changed,
The panting thing deranged;
Herculean deeds to sing I strove;
Yet heedless of my strain
It sighed the gentle same,
It echoed nought but - Love.

Farewell, ye heroes, then;
Though brave, tempt not again
My muse, to paint each one a love;
Nor long with vain desire
The praises of my lyre;
Its strains are but of - Love.

The Cross-Quill

FEB. 4. № 8 1855

BROWN vs. JONES.

By Jumblitses Jubilee

Mr. Brown is a good-natured man; he always says so when you get him angry. Now Mr. Brown would be perfectly happy, - he is sure of it, - he would always succeed in every thing, were it not for that accursed Jones. He is sure Jones was just born to torment him in particular; he is convinced that Jones had no other intention in coming into the world. He never had calculated on anything important, but Jones was sure to intervene and spoil all his plans. He never expected anything anxiously but that Jones was sure to be the cause of his disappointment. Just as regularly as he walks out in a good humor, there comes Jones, and invariably treads on his toes. Of course Jones begs pardon, but then it evidently was done on purpose. Although he assures you he is a good-natured man, he positively declares that if Jones crosses his path any more, he will — well, he will knock him down. With this determination, Mr. Brown

fiercely buttons up his coat one morning after breakfast, firmly grasps his walking cane, and sallies forth into the street.

Meanwhile Jones, who is a very choleric gentleman, wakes up the same morning and swears he has been dreaming of Brown. That Brown is the bane of his life; - he is perfectly insufferable. There is no living in the same community with such an individual. He does not see why Brown cannot put an end to himself to please his neighbours; any one less selfish certainly would do so. He is eternally pestering him (Jones), and always finds some means of getting mixed up with his (Jones') affairs. There is no standing it, and what is more, he (Jones) will not stand it.

Jones comes down to his breakfast grumbling at Brown. - "Brown shall pay for his impudence! Brown shall suffer for his insolence. The first time that Brown dares to slight Jones, he (Jones) will kick Brown; - yes he will kick him; cost what it may, Jones will kick Brown." And Jones walks forth, nerving his foot and his leg for this intention, should Brown afford him the occasion.

Now Brown had intended to go down a certain street, and to turn into another street. He is sure that Jones will meet him, - will just come the same way to torment him.

Meantime, Jones had determined to go up the same street and to turn into another street, - the same street Brown had made up his mind to traverse. Jones calculates the chances of meeting Brown: he is convinced that Brown will, as usual, come in his way.

Brown goes on; Jones continues his walk. Brown

turns the corner; Jones turns the opposite corner.

"Ha! there he is" says Brown. "I knew it. did you ever! Who could bear with such conduct calmly! My good nature can't stand it. If Jones gives me the least insult when we meet, I will knock him down!" And Brown adheres strongly to his cane.

"There!" mutters Jones; "if here isn't that accursed Brown! I thought so: he has come out to molest me, but—, Brown, you shall repent it; yes, Brown, it shall be the last of your insults to Jones!" And Jones plants his foot firmly in the ground and throws out his leg manfully, determined that if Brown is in any way overbearing, he (Brown) shall feel the toe of his (Jones') boot.

Brown nears Jones. He fixes his eyes steadfastly on him to read the expression of Jones' face; thinks he detects a sneer on Jones' countenance. Jones approaches Brown; scrutinizes Brown's physiognomy, resolved to punish Brown, if he gives him a single impudent look. They meet. Brown stares at Jones; Jones stares at Brown.

"Insolence", mutters Brown.

"Insufferable!" grumbles Jones.

"How he stares!" thinks Brown.

"Look how he watches me!" mutters Jones.

"I wont bear it!" says Brown.

"He shall pay for it!" says Jones.

"Sir!" says Brown.

"Sir!" exclaims Jones.

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"What are your intentions?"

"You are impudent, Sir."

"You are impertinent."

"Jones, beware! good nature cannot stand this!"

"Brown, look out! I will

not suffer this."

"I will knock you down."

"Brown, I will kick you."

"I came out to walk this morning, and I am convinced, Sir, that you came to insult me. Is it not so, Jones?"

"Those are just my feelings in regard to you, Brown."

"Sir, you ought only to know how every one hates you!"

"If you could only comprehend, Brown, what a nuisance you are thought to be, you would certainly commit suicide I am sure!"

"I would advise you, Jones, to go to prison."

"Brown, were I in your place I would drown myself in a horse-pond."

"Which way are you going? I intend turning into the next street."

"Those are just my intentions."

"Jones, I will knock you down."

"Brown, I will kick you."

Brown looks at Jones; Jones looks at Brown. Brown sneers at Jones; Jones turns up his lip at Brown.

"I shall go another way, Jones."

"Brown, I shall change my route."

Brown sues Jones. Jones brings a case against Brown. Both are acquitted. Brown declares there is no justice in the land. Jones protests against the partiality of the sentence.

Brown leaves the place in disgust. Jones decamps, crying out against the decision of the court and denouncing all individuals of the genus Brown.

—o—O—O—o—

The Firmament

By M. E. Hull.

Hail, ocean of azure, wide spreading on high!
Hail, veil of the Infinite, star studded sky!
Hail, robe of the universe, fathomless blue;
How matchless thy beauty, how brilliant thy hue!

How varied thy seeming; how peerless & bright!
How changeful at noon and how lovely at night!
Survey thee at morn or at eve, as we will,
Though changed, thou art ever all beautiful still.

How terrible too, when thy face is o'ercast
With the darkening shade of the quick coming blast!
When speed the black clouds o'er thy bosom in form
In glowing array for the gathering storm!

While murmurs the thunder in fullest roll
To marshall the winds from the far distant pole!
One flash from the north, where the tempest is nursed,
One crash in the zenith, and then doth it burst.

Oh path of the planets, all glorious art thou!
Though changing forever, unchanged art thou now;
All fair in thy smile & sublime in thy frown
Of far spreading gloom when the tempest comes down.

But even more terrible still and sublime
Thy seeming shall be when expireth all time,
When pathless and trackless the planets shall roll,
And thou shalt be crisped & drawn back as a scroll!

Annals
of
The Propagation of the Faith.

From the Journal of the Decurion, Proper-Gander.

Dec. 16th 18— To day I received my appointment of Decurion, with the names of the ten from whom I was to collect. I began my labors at once, and called on number one; — no change on hand, — come again tomorrow. Number two, — could not spare a cent just at that moment; would pay next week. Number three, ditto. Number four said I was "a confounded bore" & "wished I would go about my business." Number five called me a "humbug" — "he wasn't a going to propagate no faith; charity began at home". I began to feel a little disheartened, but pushed on. The next name on the list was my own. I put a cent in my pocket and felt somewhat better. I tried number seven. He saw me coming, and walked away. I walked after him; he went faster: I called him; he ran; I did the same, and at last caught him. He had only a five cent piece and wanted it all; I must wait. Number eight offered me a five dollar bill, and wanted change; — I was not exactly in a condition to give it to him. Number nine was busy and could not attend to me; I must choose some more fitting opportunity. Number ten said I might take his name off the list; he was not going to be bothered so every week. I went to bed, feeling rather discouraged: had collected only one cent, and paid that myself.

Dec. 23d — Tried again. Number one paid me one cent, & promi-

ised me another in a few days. Number two vowed that he had paid me the week before & was not able to pay for the second week. Number three wished I would learn better manners than to ask a gentleman for a cent. I replied that "I wished gentlemen would learn better manners than to refuse to pay a cent". Got nothing for my wit but a few hard names. Number four said he must keep his cent to put on the plate the next Sunday, at Mass. I am glad he intends to do so, for he never did before. Number five said he had given me an answer the last time, and should have nothing more to do with me. Number six (myself) - hard up, no money on hand. Number seven, in the city. Number eight could not be found; probably he was informed of my approach. Number nine had "just spent his last cent," but I thought I heard a few cents in his pocket as he walked away. Number ten had already declared his inability to pay, so I did not go to him.

Amount collected .....$ 0.01.

January 2d 18— Expected to find no difficulty, as every one must have plenty of money so soon after vacation. All answered me, however, in about the same manner as before, with the exception of number seven, who sent me to the Treasurer; but I did not go.

Amount collected --- $ 0.00.

January 3d — To-day the Centurion called on me for my account. It stood thus

1st week, collected -- $ 0.01
2d week, - " .... 0.01.
3d week, - " ..... 0.00.

Total, in three weeks, - $ 0.02.

The Centurion seemed dissatisfied, but I could not help it.

Jan. 4th Threw up my commission in disgust!

Correspondence.

Mr. Ham,-

I think it is really insufferable that you do not take measures to preserve your correspondents from depreciation and insult. I don't, I must confess, quite see what measures you could take; but no matter; you ought to take them. My reason for saying so is this. The day after the appearance of your last number, I stationed myself along side of the Goose-Quill to receive my share of the praise generally bestowed upon its contributors. Scarcely was I seated when some one came up and commenced to read the first thing that met his eye, which, as I had previously arranged, was my communication. He read carefully to the end, & then turning on his heel, without uttering a word, deliberately walked away. I had scarcely time to look indignant when up came another. After reading to the end, and spending some minutes in endeavouring to decipher my name, he turned around, ejaculated - "stuff!" & walked off. Here my just anger would have got the better of my discretion had it not been for the approach of one in whose literary taste & discernment I had the greatest confidence. He commenced to read. "Now", thought I, "here is one who knows the distinction between what is good & what is bad; who, unlike those two senseless idiots, will not suffer his judgment to be obscured by any petty jealousy. Now, at any rate, I shall reap some reward for my labor." But here my cogitations were interrupted. The reader turned around, and placing his finger on my letter, very graciously informed me that - "the fellow who wrote that communication

was a big fool!" Yes, those were his words. "I beg leave to differ with you there", would have said. But no, I could not, my emotions overpowered me: for, as Capt Marryatt observes in his beautiful romance of "Rattlin the Reefer", "this was the most unkindest cut of all". So I turned and rushed from the room.

Now, Ham, I ask you if that was not absolutely too bad. You see the necessity then of devising some means of protecting your correspondents from being insulted through the jealousy of others — for you must confess that the conduct above described was the effect of mere jealousy.

If you don't take such measures immediately, I will not write to you again. That's so.

Yours &c.

Buckstock Bimbendig

"Jeremiah Blinks."

We received the other day the following letter from "Jeremiah Blinks" whose name has already appeared in the Goose Quill, as the author of some very beautiful "Lines on a Frozen Window-pane".

"Dear Sir,

"I avail myself of "this opportunity of writing to "the unknown editor of the fa-"famed Goose Quill, to inform "him and others who may be "in doubt concerning the orig-"inality of that small poem "entitled the "Frozen Window-"pane", that it is purely orig-"inal. I will say no more "on that point, as I am "sure you will not doubt "me; but I have a little

"piece of advice to give which
"may be of some service to
"you. When one of your contrib-
"utors sends you a poem &
"you recognize him, in
"spite of his cognomen, you
"should keep the secret to your-
"self and not tell any of
"your friends; "I think it was
"such or such a person who
"wrote this or that poem, or
"letter as the case may be."
"I do not mean to impute
"such conduct to you in
"my case, although it seems
"to me very strange how my
"secret got wind; but they
"caught the wrong person
"this time.

"Wishing all prosperity
"to yourself, co-editors, and to
"the Goose Quill.

"I remain
"Your obt servant
"Jeremiah Blinks.
"Mr. Ham."

We are exceedingly gratified to learn that the lines in question are really original, and we do not wonder that our friend should have felt hurt at the doubts which we expressed upon the subject, although at the same time we consider those doubts the highest compliment we could have paid his verses. This makes us the more disposed to overlook the insinuations contained in the latter part of his letter, and to pardon him the very low estimate which he forms of Ham's sense of honor. In the first place, we never even attempt to discover our correspondents' much less to make them known to others. Such conduct would not only be dishonorable, but imprudent in the extreme for one who desires, as we do, to remain incognito; and next, with regard to Blinks' particular case, we can assure him that, so far from having revealed him to others, we are ourselves quite at a loss to say who he is, nor do we make any attempt to ascertain.

Notwithstanding Jeremiah's moderation, it is very

evident, from the tone of his letter, that he thinks us quite unjustifiable in not believing at first that his verses were original. We have already stated, in a previous number, that attempts have been made to palm off upon us, as original, verses well known to every lover of poetry, and is it not perfectly natural that such attempts should render us suspicious when we receive pieces of more than ordinary merit? That we can know every poem in the language is, of course, impossible, and we must therefore be pardoned if we occasionally seek refuge in a doubt.

Correspondence.

The following pleasant epistle, about two weeks ago, found its way into our letter box.

Dear Ham,-

I have been intending for some time to write something for your "spicy journal" (as it has been most appropriately called), but could not pluck up the courage to have any article of mine inserted in a paper supported in so creditable & praiseworthy a manner. Still, as I have been one of its most constant readers, and as it has much interested me, and assisted me to beguile the tedious hours of college life, I cannot in justice to you, Ham, let the present occasion pass without wishing you a "happy New Year" and continued success to your paper. I should have wished you this in time if I had known when your sixth number was coming out (though it was my fault in not remem-

bering that it was published in your Christmas number), yet, believe me, I congratulate you with the same sincerity and good will with which I would have done so before.

Ham, your paper is a regular recreation. I am glad to see how you have overcome your enemies; you wield your pen in a pretty manner. Don't think I am flattering you;- not a bit of it, for it would be of no use to me; but I am telling the truth, for I am a plain spoken fellow.

Hey! where am I wandering to? I began with the intention of writing something for your paper, but I am entirely off the track, so I will tax your patience no longer, but defer my article for another time. As I have now broken the ice, if it is agreeable to you (I hope you will let me Know in your next number), I think I may be able to send you some scraps now & then. If you find this too defective for insertion, do not scruple to reject it, for well convinced of your goodness I will not take it amiss. Wishing all success to you & your paper, I remains ever yours -

Waglipper Ragpicker.

We can assure our friend Ragpicker that his communication will always be welcome at the "office of the Goose Quill".

SELF-DEFENCE.

A rumour has reached our ears which we must avow has caused us no little surprise. It is to the effect that of the occasional correspondents whom we have answered through the columns of our paper, at least one half never existed but in our own imagination; that our 'answers' in fact,

few and for the most part brief as they have been, have generally been addressed only to our printer, and have had no other object than the filling up of some odd corner or the gratifying of some unforeseen demand for "copy." In reply to this we would first observe that, thanks to our many contributors, we have never felt the want of a fictitious friend nor ever been at a loss to find matter enough to fill the space devoted to our semi monthly issues. And, in the next place, we have stated our principles so often & so clearly that it seems strange indeed that any one should charge us with attempting to support our paper or gain a reputation by the help of artifices which, whatever may be said in their defence, are impressed with an indelible character of littleness utterly inconsistent with the straight forward & independent tone which we have ever striven to maintain. Our readers may rest assured that the very first moment Harry feels himself reduced to the necessity of having recourse to what is generally called "filling up stuff" he will not hesitate to resign his editorial chair to some one better able to fill it.

JUDGMENT.

Part I.

The last day comes and goes, the dusky hour
Of twilight falls, yet night succeeds it not.
For lo! upon the far horizon's verge,
See trembling in the Western sky, appears
The sun; and day comes back upon the earth:
Yet not as wont, but with a ghastly glare
That flickereth with red, uncertain light,

And seemeth now to die and now to snatch
A momentary splendour from despair,
As doth the flame of an expiring torch,
And night, astonished, with usurping day
Contends for empire over earth, and sweeps
Th' affrighted stars, with lustre strange & bright;
Across the void, all orbitless and wild
Nor lose they aught of brightness in the light
Of unaccustomed day, but, comet like,
And unadirected, speed athwart the sky
And revel in the solar beam. The sun
In purple splendour, with reverted course,
Climbs slowly through the high & vast expanse.
The air has lost its virtue, for the sky
Grows dark; The winds are silent, but the earth
Rocks to its centre; underground the low
Deep thunders roll; the sullen sea is vexed;
Its troubled waters hiss, and mighty waves
In hoarse commotion on its bosom rise.
The mountains shudder, and the forests groke
Upon their gloomy sides, while to & fro
Their giant oaks are swayed, as if the gale
Were in their midst. The mountain river sweeps
With more than tenfold fury to the sea,
As if it knew that wrath were near at hand.
The birds are startled from their sylvan homes,
And close to earth, all wild and frighted, fly
In spreading flocks, with notes of sad distress.
The serpent crouches in the grass, or crawls
Amid the tangled weeds, and in its fear
Forgets its venomed fang and cunning hate.
The beasts of prey from out their hilly caves

In terror come, and undisturbed walk
Amid the haunts of man. The lion is now
A lamb in pimper, and the tiger's wrath
And fierce hyena's rage are lost in fear.

And man surveys and trembles; now he looks
In mute astonishment to heaven, and sees
The orb of day amid the stars of night.
He turns his gaze to earth, and there beholds
Sad order wrecked, and in confusion lost.
He turns him to his fellow-man; but nought
Can cheer him there, - vain is his longing glance:
The blanching cheek, the pallid lip and brow
Of him on whom he gazes but reflect
His own distmay. He speaks not; on his soul
Some dark forebodings dwell; and sheeted ghosts
And phantoms sweep the earth with noiseless tread,
And shadows dark arise, and mist like forms
Before him pass; and he is fearful. Hope
Within him dies, but memory lives and brings
Unto his mind remembrance of his guilt.
Despair is now triumphant, but the thought
Of mercy comes, and as that thought lost hope
Revives. On bended knee he falls; his hands
Are clasped on high; his beating heart is full.
He moves not and is silent. From the earth
To heaven one universal prayer ascends:
Nature is hushed; all things are in repose.
The sun has reached the zenith point, & there
One instant doth he pause; - Then 'wards the night
He flies; and leaves the world in utter night.
The stars are dimmed & die away, and naught

Is now but darkness: nature is no more.
And o'er the universe one moment reigns
A horrid stillness, an oppressive weight
Of gloom that heighteneth dismay, and adds
A tenfold horror to the darkness 'round.
And man, all silent and expectant waits
In dread suspense. He striveth now to pierce
With straining eye the dense surrounding night.
He listo; but lo! the works of God are mute,
And there is naught above him or below,
In heaven or earth, that stirreth. Fast his soul
Is bowed within him, and his heart, oppressed
By varied moods of terror and dismay,
Is weak and sorrowful, for all things now
Must pass away; the reign of death is nigh.
Old Chaos joys within his gloomy realm,
And looketh forth from night, well pleased to see
The dread beginning of the fearful end.

Modesty.

Ham often publishes letters from his friends, and he receives many more of which his readers at large are left in ignorance; but he doubts much if he ever received one which did not contain a vast number of compliments to him and to his paper. Now it is not his intention to declare that such flatteries are not agreeable to him; he knows perfectly well that he does not & could not deserve one half

of them, but as they may generally be taken as indications, to say the least, of absence of all hostility on the part of the writers, and in many cases he is persuaded proceed from positive friendship, he is ready to confess that they not unfrequently prove quite palatable. There is a question however which invariably presents itself to his mind when he contemplates such letters occupying space in his columns: 'Will not the public', he asks himself, 'grow tired of so much of this? Will they not come to look upon Ham as a pitiful compound of ignorance and conceit, — as an intolerable egotist, who regards the Goosequill merely as a scroll whereon to inscribe his virtues and considers the highest Kind of talent to be a talent for compliment?' The unsatisfactory reply which he has always been forced to make to this inquiry has prevented him from publishing many communications which though possessed of literary merit, were sadly defaced by this unbounded adulation. Let those therefore who contribute to the pages of the Goosequill remember that they write not for the editor but for the Community. They will thus save Ham from this disagreeable alternative of either rejecting good articles or fathering his own praises.

Our readers will perceive that we have enlarged the Goosequill by the addition of twelve columns, and also somewhat improved it. As the labor of transcribing, under the present arrangement, must consume a great deal more time than before, we beg our correspondents to send in articles which they desire to have inserted a little earlier. We wish to have the paper ready for the copyist by the Tuesday or Wednesday preceding the day of publication, in order that he may not be pressed for time.

Translation from Horace.

Book I. Ode 38.

By I. X. L.

Boy, the Persian pomp I hate;
I will not have my temples crowned,
In petty, ostentatious state,
With chaplets with Phiglya bound

Seek not the place where roses blow;
Unto the myrtle wreath impart
No knotless work nor empty show
Of cunning skill or idle art.

For while, beneath the mantling vine,
Our goblets to the dregs we drain,
For me or you you could not twine
A fitter wreath than myrtle plain.

To Correspondents.

A "Chapter from the Book of Things" received, & ... the hands of a friend, from some unknown correspondent, who signs himself "Boot-Jack" is a piece of no little merit; but we fear that, were we to publish it, we would be violating to a great extent the promise made upon our first page, — that nothing personal should ever appear in the Goose Quill.

"Simon Saleratus" — crowded out

The Goose-Quill.

FEB. 18. No. 4. 1833

Intercepted Letters No. 1.

From Master Theodore Throckwaite, at College, to his friend, Master Thos. Tripplepate, [illegible]

Dear Tom,-

Since my last letter to you, I have been undergoing the severest torture to which a poor student ever was subjected. No sooner had the studies been resumed after the vacation than we were all warned to prepare for an examination, and from that moment to this, I have not had a moment of peace. Greek by the cartload. Latin to match, and book after book of algebra, geometry, and modern history was surely enough to dishearten any one; but if you would imagine the prospect I had before me, you must also take into consideration the fact that I had not the faintest idea of all that I had to commit to memory. To be sure, this had all been learned in class before, but what of

that? I knew very well that it was not worth my while to attempt to study, so I never tried and never wanted to try to make myself master of any of the lessons. Now I ask you, Tom, whose ideas on such matters exactly coincide with my own, - was is reasonable to expect me to stand an examination on things of which I was perfectly ignorant? How should I know whether or not Columbus fell at the battle of Actium, or whether Titus Pomponianus Atticus was an Irishman or an American savage? The square root of x may be equal to twice the diameter, or to the cube of the diagonal for all I care; but, as I told the examiners, I never bothered my head about these matters and hence, of course, it was absurd to ask me such questions. They would not listen to reason however, and the upshot of it all is that I have got to set to work and learn all the hateful stuff. I have not time to do it, for I have, on an average, two-thousand lines of punishment to write every week, and that takes a great while. I do not know what I shall do. One of the two must be neglected, and I have not been able to make up my mind yet whether it shall be the punishments or the examination; I only fear that they will give me no choice, - that is to say, make me do both, which I think would be very unjust. I have always had a great antipathy to hard work, especially study; and so much of it at once is enough to kill any fellow.

I must now get scolded for smoking, so no more at present from

Your aff. friend

Theo. Throckwattle

SPEECH.

By Alice.

"Speech, reason's noble brother, high prerogative of man!"
Blest likeness to the framer of Creation's wondrous plan,
Who spoke, - and harmony arose from time's chaotic storm.
Speech, thou "body of a thought", the ideal spirit's form.
Not that empty noise of words, when first utterance tries its wing,
Nor yet th' impetuous language the youthful tongue may fling;
But Speech, the noble harvest of the mellowed grain of thought,
The labor of that loom where patient meditation wrought;
From whence flow words persuasive that in the list'ner's bosom wind,
And truth's bold expositions, impressing mind on mind;
"The keen demand, the clear reply," the bold poetic figure,
The argument that proves the right with cool and fearless vigour. -

Speech, that grasps with intellect, and bends the
hearer's will,
That pours now forth with torrent force, now flows as
sparkling rill,
That breaks upon the mists of doubt, bringing noon-
tide light,
To speed the groping wanderer on the narrow paths
of right!
Oh speech! the soul may well rejoice, - thy priv-
ilege is high, -
A power that worketh good or ill, that maketh
live or die, -
A blessed talent, lent to serve for right and
noble sway,
And not to clothe in specious words the errors
of the day, -
The power that shakes foundations and strengthens
now in peace,
Unlocking anger's floodgates, or bidding discords
cease!
Oh ye who count this godlike gift and nurse
it's feeding streams,
In the deep grooves of science, with the sage &
poet's themes, -
Whatever your calling be in life, priest, patriot
or bard,
Be still the Champion of the right, though
int'rest temptetto hard;
That noble cause be ever yours, for it exert
your voice,
Then Wisdom will enthrone you, Truth & Eloquence
rejoice!

Annals

The Propagation of the Faith.

A Letter from the Decurion Prosper-Gander

Dear Hann,.

You are the best friend I ever had in my life, God bless you! Thanks to you, I have resumed my labors as Decurion, and the money comes in on all sides in a perfect stream. No sooner had your last paper, containing the few leaves from my journal which you were kind enough to publish, been issued and read, than I was earnestly requested to accept again my commission and begin collecting once more. I did so, and met with great success. Number one paid me three cents immediately, and with a light heart I set off after the rest. Number two declared that he had paid me before, but to prevent all dispute he was willing to do so again: he then walked away, forgetting to give me the money. I followed and reminded him of it, when he turned around in a violent passion and exclaimed "Here you are again! twice already have I paid you that money, and now you have the face to ask it again! Be off about your business, you abominable cheat!" This, as you may well suppose, tended to lessen my hopes a little, but I swallowed my indignation and called on number three, who begged a thousand pardons, and promised to pay "next week." Singular coincidence! he has said

the same thing every time. Number four grumbled a little at being so much tormented, but finally gave me two cents. Number five swore that my conduct was a disgrace to the community, but said he would pay me one cent, and vowed that it should be the last. Number six (myself) paid up like a gentleman. Number seven, the one after whom I had such a chase the first week, declared that he had only been plaguing me a little, and always intended to pay. He gave three cents. Numbers eight and nine followed his example, but number ten, who had told me to take his name off my list, and never to trouble him again, actually paid me for two weeks in advance! Hurrah, say I, for number ten!

Now Ham, I must thank you for all this glorious success, for if, as I said before, you had not been kind enough to insert the last article I sent you, I never would have collected a single copper. I was at work before for three weeks, and in that time my receipts fell from one cent to nothing. Just imagine then what it would have been had things gone on in that way for a few weeks longer. Why in a fortnight more I would have been obliged to pay out a cent, soon to pay two cents, & the end of the year would surely have found me bankrupt. Accept then, dear Ham, the sincere thanks of one whom you have saved from the sad necessity of choosing between ruin and the resignation of his office. Your ever grateful and now happy

Proper-Gander.

HAM'S VISION.

By his fire so brightly blazing,
As the glowing embers gazing,
With a bosom free from care,
And while o'er the waste extensive
Howled the night wind, Ham sate pensive
In his good old easy chair.

O'er his mind came visions fleeting
Of each friend and friendly greeting,
Of each kindly helping hand,
That had cheered his toil so dreary,
E'en as when the laborer weary
By the cooling breeze is fanned.

Then a long and bright procession,
Growing brighter by progression,
Of his friends before him came;
And a spirit stood beside him,
Who, although Ham ne'er descried him,
Gave each passing shade a name.

Lo! an old and grey haired figure
But of manly strength and vigor
Passed before him first of all:

Strength was pictured in his bearing,
Conscious might and noble daring
In his person stout and tall.

But about his lips sarcastic
Played a smile, so strange, fantastic,
One could scarcely give it name:
Now it wore a scornful seeming,
Now it was with Kindness beaming,
Changing ever, yet the same:-

E'en as if, by sneers pretended,
True good nature was defended,
Shining brightly through it all.
And the spirit just beside him
Whispered, as Ham closely eyed him;
"Him Pisistratus they call."

Next a form with books o'erloaded,
Onward by dame Reason goaded,
Passed with independent air.
Wrapped in sober meditations,
Weighty were his lucubrations,
And his motto was - "I dare".

Sure, to know that form is steady,
With his reason ever ready
And his commonsense so strong,
Ham needs not his wits to rally,
'Brookpick' 'tis, of Shinbone alley
Stout assailant of the wrong.

Him a strange lean creature followed,
Whose short pants, and cheek bones hollowed
As by avarice's hand,
Loud proclaimed his trade was pedling,
Told a disposition meddling,
And his home in Eastern land.

In his hands he firmly grapples
Two large baskets labelled "apples,"
While another of the same
O'er his shoulder graceful pendent,
Forms a suitable attendant:
Wood N. Nutmegs is his name.

Clio next attuned her lyre;
Aisph burned with grecian fire,
Then a sphinx-like monster passed,
Who, unknown amid his glory,
Shone as Saph of Riddled story,
Saph, the Skater gliding fast.

Quick an aged man succeeded,
Ever prattling, oft unheeded,
Garrulous as any dame;
Turned he now in this direction,
Now in that, without reflection,
Careless what might be his fame.

Wit enough, although loquacious,
Head as well filled up as spacious,
Oft with beauties great he teemed.

Now of ghosts the old man prated,
Now on 'snow' with warmth dilated,
Ever too with kindness beaming.

"This is one who loves his neighbour,
"One who fain would cast his labour,
"And would free his soul from blame;
"But he sees his faults & errors,
"Feels the pangs of guilt's dread terrors;-
"Humphrey Muddlepate his name."

Thus the spirit close beside him
Whispered gently not to chide him,
But endure his prattling vein;
For within him lurked a treasure,
Native goodness without measure,
And 'twere wrong to give him pain.

Ham beheld a form vivacious,
E'en as Muddlepate loquacious,
Next approach with careless air;
And the while he was proceeding
Tales of robbers was he reading,
Novels only were his care.

And the spirit just beside him,
E'en as soon as Ham espied him,
Whispered softly; "let him pass:
"Bucklucks Nimberdig they call him,
"One who cares not what befall him,
So that novels he amass."

Then came Japhet, Ham's dear brother
(Would to Heaven Shem, the other,
With his "dreams" would keep aloof!)
And he told a simple story,
While his long white beard and hoary
Of his birth remote gave proof.

On his arm a basket clasping,
In his hand a poker grasping,
Poked he 'round in every place,-
Indefatigable scraper
Of old rags and bits of paper,
With most patriarchal grace.

Soon a form with pleasing features,
Gazing thoughtful on God's creatures,
Passed before Ham's face surprised.
Nature's beauties came her singing,
Nature's God a tribute bringing,
And his works his theme comprised.

And the spirit just beside him
Whispered, as Ham kindly eyed him;
"In that form so mild yet bold,
"In that noble love of duty,
"E'en to error lending beauty,
"Soyuz. Sooloo you behold."

Many others him succeeded,
And though none passed by unheeded,
Yet too long the task would be

To describe each shadowy seeming
Through the flickering fire-light gleaming
On that night of mystery.

*

Then forbear, kind friends your stricture,
For 'tis thus Ham loves to picture
Every friend and friendly hand
That has cheered his toil so dreary,
As when of the laborer weary
By the cooling breeze is fanned.

-·COO·-

Number One,

Or The opinions and Principles of Sordidus Selfish.

People make a great talk now-a-days about generosity, disinterestedness, love of one's neighbour, &c; but for my part, I have no faith in any such nonsensical stuff. I am for [illegible], and for no one else, and reason philosophy, and sound common sense all serve to prove me right. Everything in the world, according to my system, is made up of number, all our actions, thoughts, words and wishes are, or ought to be numbered, and without [illegible]

as number we never could get along. Now we know very well that the foundation of all number is One; hence it follows, by a necessary consequence, that number One should be the moving principle of our lives, and that we should do nothing except for Number One. This is the principle upon which I act, and I think if you were to search into the matter a little, you would find that half the world acts upon the same. A man may be very much in want of my assistance, but it is contrary to my principles to assist any but number One, and I always act upon principle. I may be, and often am sitting over a hot fire, and sitting in such a way as to prevent another from receiving any of the heat: a person comes in very cold, his feet wet, and a bad cough shaking him to pieces. He can not get near the fire & is too polite to ask me to move; but he is not number one to me, and rather than act against my principles I will sit there until he is frozen stiff.

Some one asks me for the bread at table: I am busy with number One, & cannot attend to him without violating my principles. Another next to me has been unable to get any meat because I always put my plate directly in front of his so as to get served first, and two dishes are carried off the table before he can obtain a mouthful. The third dish appears; number One is hungry again, and my neighbour goes without his dinner, but I do all this from principle.

Now observe the poor simpletons who have no

principles, or who, at least, do not maintain mine. They sacrifice themselves for any stupid fellow who seems to be in want, and I verily believe there are some who do not allow themselves a single pleasure if they see that another will be benefited by their neglecting number One. And what good do they expect to derive from this? Why, a "thank you," or - "you are very kind", some such expression from the one whom they assist, who is never sincere, I warrant you, in all his protestations, and a feeling of self-satisfaction at the thought of helping another to be happy, which they say is delightful, but for my part, I never experienced any such sensation, and never expect to, - for I can conceive of no pleasure save such as is derived from the service of number One.

I am happy to say, however, that most of our community seem to share my sentiments, for there are very few who are not devoted, body and soul, to promote the welfare of number One. You can see this in the corridor of a cold, wet day, when people come shivering to stand over the register, and when those who are warm push and fight to drive all others away: they are only acting up to the number One principles. You can see it in the rush and scramble for seats by the stove when the Reading Room is opened, and you can see it still more plainly in the rejection. I need not mention any particular examples to establish my point. every one will readily remember

enough without my re-calling them to his mind.

You perceive them, that mine are principles almost universally held and followed up. Probably there are none which work more easily in practice than they do, differing greatly in that respect from all other principles I ever heard of, which, for the most part, are eminently theoretical.

Long life then to the number one principles and to all who maintain them, - provided they do not interfere with the comfort of

Sordidus Selfish.

—o—

SHOES!

By Simon Saleratus.

In, no matter what street, but somewhere in a town,
Not very high up nor very low down,
But where people were numerous & walking about,
Some talking, some laughing, here a stare & a shout,-
In fine, 'twas a town, & people there were
(Just as their forefathers had done before),
Through the summer and spring, through the winter & fall,
Those things on the feet which we variously call
"Mens' boots", "ladies' shoes", or "clogs for bad weather",
Or "slippers"; or "pumps of the best patent leather".
So the shoemaker's trade was as good & as brisk,
With an average profit and an average risk,
As any one going, no matter what sort,
From the trade that bought rags to the (sold post-
Well, in that same town (we'll let the street be)
If often you walked you'd be likely to see
In a fine looking shop a brisk looking man

Whose bright gilded sign was on a new plan.
First his name was announced, and the trade he'd'isplay,
And then came this motto: "Mens conscia recti:"
'Twas a little pedantic, but an innocent puff
Promising customers good shoes of good stuff.
Expressing the pride of a rectified mind,
And business encouragement trusting to find.

And not in vain the mottoed sign was hung,
For soon the news went round on every tongue
That boots and shoes were best made there,
And lucky Crispin bids adieu to care.

Whilst he and his business were flourishing fast,
Another there was who lived by his last,
Who found the same trade brought a different pay,
Though he happened to live just over the way.
How came it? Though shoes he could make & could mend
As well every bit as his opposite friend,
Yet all his old customers passed by his door
And stopped 'neath the sign of the opposite store.
"There's something pure in it," he oft would repeat,
"For my shoes are as cheap & as snug on the feet."
But what was this 'something'? The more he reflected
The more puzzled he grew and the deeper dejected.
He pondered by day and he pondered by night:
At last dawned a thought, both novel & bright.
"'Mens conscia recti'! that's some new kind of shoe:
'No matter, - I'll make them, & women's too!"
So he ordered his sign; 'twas hung in a trice,
All painted and gilded, fresh looking & nice:
And then "Mens & Womens conscia recti"
Was read in large letters by each passer by!

The Goose-Quill

MAR. 4. No 10. 1855

What Tony Taxwit thought about.

By Humphrey Muddlepate.

Don't tell me Tony Taxwit was asleep! I say I know-better: he was no more asleep than I am. To be sure, he sat there in his easy chair in a very lazy kind of way, with his feet stretched out upon the hearth-stone, & the ruddy blaze of the comfortable wood fire making his honest red face shine with more than usual good nature; but he was not asleep,- of that I am positive,- and I will not be brought to believe the contrary,- nothing shall induce me to. Why, did he not hear every tick of the big wooden clock, & every chirp of that boisterous cricket and was trying which had made a bet with the crackling fire, and was trying to outdo it in noise? Did he not watch every stick as it burned, till the fire ate into its heart, and it fell, a heap of ashes? Did he not gaze at every curling wreath of smoke that rose up the spacious chimney lit by the flame, carrying up with it

the quivering flakes of soot that danced and trembled in the heated draught? And you think he was asleep, do you? Not a bit of it.

But although he was not asleep, and although he saw & heard all this and much more, he had many strange thoughts flitting through his brain. Thoughts of himself, and of his early youth, - of his boyhood - his student days the years of his College life. He thought he saw himself, a little child of seven as his father brought him to the place which was to be his home for ten dingy, ink-bespattered years. How he trembled at the sight of those rough stone walls, pierced with narrow windows and faced with white marble, with a cupola on the roof which he verily believed to be intended solely as a seat of watch tower, wherein some sleepless monster was continually on the lookout for runaways. Then too, when he saw the fences all around the grounds, did he not feel as though he were already confined in some narrow cell, without room to stand, sit, or lie down? How he shook with fear at the sight of those awful men in long black robes, with chains hanging at their girdles? But how he gazed in silent bewilderment at those mysterious three cornered hats! how he wondered why they were worn, and speculated whether the wearers ever took them off! And then the boys! Where did they get so many, and why do they not run away? Ah! it must be that terrible sentinel in the watch tower. He sees, and immediately gives the signal to let loose upon them scores of black robed pursuers from whom there is no escape.

Supper time comes. He is lost in the confusion, and does not know how to eat. Rude boys stare at him, and make remarks

in his hearing about "the new fellow": And then to bed. The excitement over, the all-absorbing novelty of his position begins to wear off. Noisy sleepers around him forbid his closing his eyes, and he lies there until near midnight, thinking of his home & weeping bitterly. At is startled from the sleep which at length creeps upon him by a dismal sounding bell, and with eyes half-open, he goes down with the others to wash. Then mass, breakfast, & class, with all its dreaded horrors, its frowning teachers, and that terrible, ever present three cornered hat, and the long black robes. But at length his fears are allayed. His feeling of desertion and loneliness is gone, and he plays with as light a heart and studies with as light a head as the wildest youngster of them all. Oh! how he yearns for the good long playday, with its fishing, its swimming, or its nutting, and the eager game of ball, the exciting ring where marbles are knocked about at his pleasure; and better yet, after dark, the merry chase and cries of "Molly Bright-!", and the artful tricks to avoid the watchful catcher! Then the secret expeditions after fruit, and the stealthy tramp at night in the direction of the melon-patch, and the evenings spent so pleasantly among the lofty branches of some favorite cherry-tree! In winter too, the snowballing with all its forbidden pleasures! How happy, how proud he feels if he can only succeed in hitting some luckless wight, who hurries past, trembling with fear, to escape the shower of balls which he knows is threatening him! And oh what glory for him if his ball only strikes one

of those hated three cornered hats, making the black robes rustle with unwonted haste in the precipitate pursuit after the unknown perpetrator of this indignity! But his young limbs are too lithe & active for the heavier form of his pursuer, and that experience which a boy so soon acquires has taught him all the safest hiding corners, and he escapes detection. The boyish longing for vacation; the inward rejoicing at the thought of weeks of freedom at home, with no bells to disturb his sports, no books to embitter his days, and no tasks neglected to give him the nightmare; the exuberance of spirits, as this happy time approached, - which all a teacher's frowns, a prefect's lectures, and even the terrors of the once dreaded three cornered hat could not contain, - all this seemed present to him now, and he forgot that he was no longer a child, & clapped his hands and laughed in the fullness of his remembered joy.

Soon he sees himself a little sobered by the flight of three or four years of much play and hard struggles against study. Ambition is now his master; and in his eagerness to win a student's laurels, he forgets those sports which had engrossed his childhood. Then he sees his exulting form, laden with prizes and rejoicing amid the congratulations of his classmates, and the praises of the friends who have come to witness his triumph.

A few years pass by. His contests for prizes are over, and in all the pride of conscious superiority he stalks about, a half-fledged philosopher, indulging now & then in a dignified crow at the thought of his approach

ing release from the rough stone walls and the mysterious three cornered hats. Two public debates have been witness to his eloquence Two detested examinations have tried the strength of his sorrow; and at length comes the long expected day when he is to bid adieu to his classes and his books.

One after another the speakers have displayed their talents: again and again has that frantic music-leader flourished his stick, and his energetic violins scraped a furious response to his call. And now with a beating heart he sees himself arise to bid a last farewell to his College home. As he speaks of the pains of parting, of joy at the completion of his work, clouded by the thought of what he leaves behind, the remembrance of all that is unpleasant is effaced: the kindness of friends about to be forsaken, the enjoyments that have lightened his path, the happiness that has so oft rewarded his exertions, - all rush back to his mind, & it is with a sad heart that he receives the plaudits of his audience, And now all is over. He holds in his hand the scroll which testifies his industry, and after many silent parting, he turns his back upon the rough stone walls, and the long black robes, and the now regretted three cornered hats, and this is not a happy day for him.

But the fire has gone out, and Tony Taswit is beginning to feel cold, and the cold interrupts his meditations and sends him to bed; for which I am very sorry, as it may lead you to imagine that he has been sleeping, but I contend most stoutly that he has not.

The Field of Poetry.

By Alice.

Ye modern rhymers can but gleaners be
In the once fertile field of poetry;
With patient care explore each narrow cleft,
And prize the humblest plant that there be left.
For they who first traversed this halcyon land
Plucked the sweet blossoms with most lavish hand.
A Spenser early trod the spangled ground,
And glist'ning buds in fairy chaplets bound
Still flowered the field, luxuriant, fresh and young,
When Shakspeare culled the richest fruits that hung,
Chose all the buds gems that sparkled in his way,
Of "sterling value and of purest ray"—
New crowds of worshippers came wandering through
Whilst yet the garden gleamed with morning dew.
Soon Milton stretched a hardy arm to seize
The rarest blossoms from the loftiest trees.
Next Cowley, Butler, mocked the fragrant glade,
Dryden, and he that sang the "Nut-brown maid"
Late at the glorious hour of noontide sway
A Johnson, Goldsmith, Pope, and polished Gray.
Traced through each verdant grove & rich parterre
With measured tread, and culled with choicest care.
It rests how see other hosts succeed

Distilling sweets from every flowery mead.
See Rogers, Campbell and "Green Erin's son,"
High soaring Byron and bard of Marmion!

And woman's lighter steps have wandered hither,
Wreathing those laurel leaves that never wither
Here Norton, Hemans passed th' inspired hours,
And filled with ~~fragrant~~ swelling notes the fragrant
bowers

Bold and harmonious too, another band,
Whose anthems float o'er the far western land;
Cradled 'neath giant forests dark and hoar,
Or where broad waters fall, and dash, and roar;
Where fruitful glades stretch far, and prairies wild,-
Oh fitting birthplace for fair Percy's child!
From such a home well trained were they to rove
And cull the treasures of the sacred grove
Sweet was the strain on broad Ontario's tide,
Theirs who early sang and early died:
Lucretia Margaret! methinks e'en now I hear
Your soft notes swelling in some blessed sphere.
Enough, enough! the task were more than vain
To tell the reapers in this fair domain.
Who then this hallowed ground dare tread once more;
What harvest gather from its rifled store?
Yes; Fancy's cell, and Nature's wildest cave,
The depths of Ocean,-aye, the solemn Grave
Have all been searched by the bright piercing eye
Of faithful, noble, glowing Poetry!

—o—

Canvassing.

By Timbletoes Tubwater.

Canvassing! What more amusing? what more exciting? What a greater humbug? Answer these questions without saying "nothing"; I defy you.

Somebody has put up Somebody Else as a candidate. Now this Somebody Else hears of his nomination by Somebody & straightway almost falls to the earth in the confusion of his modesty: "How could anybody think of nominating him? there are so many more worthy!" True, Somebody Else, and that is just the reason why you are nominated. Anyhow, Somebody Else decides not to fall to the earth, which you remember he was very near doing, and determines to go right away to Somebody & demand the reasons of his conduct, and make him withdraw. But no: that would not quite do. Of course he does not want the nomination: oh of course not! but then it might be an insult to Somebody if he spoke so determinately & so angrily. He will speak more mildly, but still to the point: he will still refuse to be a candidate; he will do this, to think of acting otherwise would be quite out of the question.

He finds Somebody: a conversation ensues. Somebody Else is at first firm & unyielding; Somebody is persisting and persevering). The office is a good one; he will be elected, there is no doubt about that. At length Somebody Else feels his heart moved within him: he cannot resist; he

will run, but it is just to please his friends; he has no other motive in the world, who can doubt that?

The canvass commences. Prospects are pretty dull at first; there is much opposition. Somebody's candidate laughs; he does not care for the opposition: he hopes he will not be elected; only, to tell the truth, he does not like to see his opponent going in, for he is sure he will do harm to the community. - Would it not be as well to take a little interest in the election & try to defeat this fellow? - not to get in himself; oh no! he has no such selfish motive; but just out of regard for the public welfare. He consults his friends; they approve of it immediately; measures are taken for pushing on more vigorously the interests of Somebody's candidate. Things begin to look a little brighter. His opponent is not much ahead of him, when it comes into his mind that perhaps after all, were he elected he might like it; not from any ambition or desire of possessing the office, but from a hope that he might be able to advance the common interests better. Surely this is a very philanthropic and disinterested wish; nobody can question it.

Election day comes. Somebody's candidate feels very flurried; he does not know the reason. It surely is not because he cares much for success: it is merely through fear that his opponent may be elected and thus defeat his philanthropic plans. The election is a close one. There is great excitement, much shouting for both candidates. Our hero gets more & more worried. trembles, gets heated, gets cold again. At length it is over. There is profound silence. Somebody's candidate tries to look indifferent. He certainly is so in reality, but there is an irresistible twitching in his fingers; he cannot sit quiet. He tries to

smile, but someway or another, his lips will not part; - this is very strange. The result is about to be declared; our hero can scarcely hear now. There is an indistinct sound of voices, in which he can make out his own and that of his opponent, and there is a third name. Why what can that be? There is a shout, a cheer, & the victor is declared to be — not Somebody's candidate, nor Somebody's candidate's opponent, but a third person, who is thus unexpectedly elected.

How singularly our hero feels! He is not disappointed; oh! not at all. He feels very glad to think — but he hopes that the one elected will prove a good officer. He only regrets the destruction of his philanthropic plans. He tries to laugh, but he cannot. He tries to speak, but he feels uncommonly hoarse. He tells his friends he is exceedingly satisfied; but the words come slow & thick; not that he cared for the office! Oh no! he takes every one to witness that he did not, and no one doubts him. How could any one?

JUDGMENT.

Part II.

An instant all is hushed; then o'er the earth
From all its surface, with mysterious burst,
Spontaneous springs an universal flame.
On sea and land alike it glows, and wraps
All things in ruin. Thus the mighty sphere
Rolls on through space, a bright, all burning orb.
And quenchless, till th' almighty Word goes forth.
Then all is darkness, death! Naught lives on earth
But Life itself, th' eternal Life, the Light,

The Word that was and is, that lent to man
His being, from the pure, the primal Source
Of being eminent. Again is heard
The Highest, and His voice, the trump
That calls to judgment and proclaims the end,
Pervadeth space. The dead arise; the just,
In heavenly brightness, with ethereal joy,
Angelic seeming and supernal air,
To speed their happy, angel guided course
Unto the vale of judgment; but the damned,
In darkness like to death, by demons driven
With torturing lash, in silent torment, grope
Their hellish way unto the place of doom.
In myriads, countless save to One, they come
From all the earth; from dells & rocky caves,
From mountain tops, and from the rugged sides
Of hills; from plains & desert wastes, where'er
Reposed the dust of those by violence slain;
From Ocean's coral caverns, those who died
Amid its storms arise; and they who fell
In battle, since the time when Israel's sons
Went forth to smite the Gentile; those who marked
The rise or fall of Empires by their deaths;
Who strewed the path of conquest with their dust,
Who struggled with the northern Amazon,
Contended 'gainst the Persian or the Mede,
Or perished with th' Assyrian capital;
And those who bled at Marathon, & all
Who stained the Grecian soil with blood, or went
With him of Macedon unto the East;
The legionary brave who bled for Rome;
The barb'rous hordes who 'neath her empire bowed,

And those who crushed it in their conqu'ring way.
Then they who followed the dread Scourge of God,
Who fought beneath the Crescent or the Cross;
Who followed in the Muslem's path, or bled
In battle for the tomb; and they who died
When proud Byzantium fell, or perished with
The Tartar Chief; and all whose pain marked
More modern change; who fell in civil strife,
Or died upon the fields where nations met;
With those who fought for honor on the seas,
From storied Salamis to Trafalgar; —
All came; and with them came a countless race,
Of gloomy aspect and of giant form,
Who bore the impress of th' eternal wrath
Upon their brows; for they had lived in times
Of deadly sin, before the waters fell
In ruin on the earth. Within the vale,
By God's omnipotence enlarged, the vast
Assembled multitude of Adam's sons,
On either side in solemn order ranged,
Await in fear the coming of the Lamb.

Dear Ham, -

I am completely puzzled; my brain is almost distracted. Let me tell you why. There is some confounded society or another which takes every opportunity of parading forth these four letters, or figures, or symbols, or whatever they are, -

ΠΦΚΝ. Now no one can understand their meaning, if meaning they have, of which I begin to doubt. This society sends you an invitation to an exhibition. The invitation note is headed with ΠΦΚΝ. You ponder over the signification, and get so curious about it that you resolve to accept, merely to find out the secret of these four strange characters; you have no other reason for going,— none at all.

Well, you come to the exhibition. You enter a hall, and there is the puzzling ΠΦΚΝ in large size. You provoked at this never ending enigma, you turn impatiently to your neighbour, who is looking steadfastly at them, and demand the reason of their presence. He does not know, but asks of another person, who comes to the same conclusion. Now is not this vexatious? However you comfort yourself with the thought that perhaps time will solve the secret, and you therefore compose yourself to comparative quiet. All at once, in march the members of the society wearing badges, all bearing these four mysterious characters. You get curious and angry once more. A programme is handed to you; the first thing that meets your eye is ΠΦΚΝ. You get almost crazy with curiosity and vexation. You listen attentively to the speeches, one after another, hoping that each succeeding one will reward your attention and satisfy your curiosity, but each time you are disappointed, & at last the performance is over and you are no wiser in regard to that cursed ΠΦΚΝ than you were at the beginning.

Growing desperate, you rush to one of the members of the society and demand explanation. He very politely bows and answers that he cannot tell. You

make for another; he gives the same reply. You feel indignant, leave the place, & try to banish the matter from your mind; but no, that vexatious ΠΦΚΝ will continually rise up before you. You go to bed; you dream that some one is about to tell you the meaning, when he is suddenly stopped & is unable to speak. You wake up in a terrible humour. You get to sleep again & have the nightmare. You think that four immense monsters, in the shape of ΠΦΚΝ, are about to strangle you. The next morning you have a headache and feel feverish, but it is the ΠΦΚΝ that is always before you.

Now, Ham, can this be borne? Is not such a society a nuisance? What right have they to trouble every one's mind with their confounded Π--Φ---Κ---Ν? Why do you not come out against such conduct? If you consent to do so, I will second your efforts with all my heart & soul, because I consider this society a public evil.

Your troubled friend
Pestilhead Cloudypate.

—o—

Hail, O Columbia!

By Jonas.

All hail to America, land of the free!
Though last among nations its name was enrolled
Its banner pressed forward, on land & on sea
And rank with the foremost to challenge and hold.

Home of sweet liberty,
Millions are blessing thee!
Land of the exile, to thee do they flee.
Hark to their joyous cry,
Piercing the azure sky.—
Hail, O Columbia! the happy, the free!

Though an infant, it boasted Herculean might,
When the serpents of tyranny thought it their prey.
All fearless and dauntless, it rushed to the fight,
And crushing its enemies, ~~broke~~ them away:
Freedom sheds over it
Blessings that cover it,
Rich as the flowers that bloom on its lea;
Sounds salute it then,
Till the land ring again,
Hail, O Columbia! the happy, the free!

As the fire that sweeps over valley and glen,
Embracing the seedling, the towering oak,
So liberty's flame swept Columbia then
When its children arose to break tyranny's yoke.
Fiercely its beacon light
Glanced from the mountain height
Filling each heart with a patriot's glee,
Brighter and brighter grew,
Till the cry rose anew,—
Hail, O Columbia! the happy, the free!

It was kindled at Lexington; wildly it spread;
Saratoga reflected the glorious rays,
On Trenton and Eutaw its splendor was shed,
Till at Yorktown the tyrant shrank back in amaze
Sorely did Britain feel,
Hearing the joyous peal,
Sullenly seeking her home in the sea,
Sounding along the wave,
Sung by the stout and brave,
Hail, O Columbia! the happy, the free!

And now, mid commotions that rage o'er the world,
Like a flower-gemmed isle of the sea in repose
While madly against it the billows are hurl'd,
She smiles at the tempest, she fears not its blows.
Firm in her sacred right,
Strong in her conscious might,
Floating still proudly her banner we see.
Millions of happy ones
Hail it with benisons, —
Long live Columbia! the happy, the free!

A Chinese Letter.

To his Celestial highness, Ki-hang-fo, Brother of the Sun and Father of the Moon, from the humblest of his satellites, a dweller among the Barbarians.

Most luminous Sire, —

Since I journeyed from the celestial Kingdom, at your sovereign command, into this accursed land of darkness, to spread among the barbarians the lustre of your high name, I have been unhappy. The light of my eyes has fled; I have known no comfort, and I long for the time when you shall put an end to my exile, and recall me to bask in the sunshine of your presence.

But a week ago, most illustrious sire, when reposing upon the floor of the high dwelling that the barbar-

ians have given me, out of regard to my character as one of your satellites, which is in the palace of strangers, eight degrees removed from the earth, and contains an opening in the top, through which your celestial brother, who even condescends to traverse this detested land, daily cheers me with his smile, a curiously folded paper was handed me, which contained, together with something in an unknown tongue, the following words, in the language of the celestial empire,- ΠΦΚΝ, which, as your most wise and celestial majesty is aware, signifies,- "Rats, Cats, & fricasseed Dogs." My eyes expanded at the delightful prospect of enjoying once more the heavenly dainties of my native land & arose and enquiring whether I should direct my steps, hastened to the place designated in the paper I had received, which I found to be a saloon of a superior class wherein were to be found the rich delicacies of the celestial empire. When, after numerous adventures, I arrived, I was shown into a large hall, tastefully decorated with a profusion of parti colored calico something after the manner of your most regal and imperial court, where were assembled a large multitude of the benighted inhabitants of this forsaken country. There was an elevated platform at one end of the room, upon which were seated a good number of the young savages. But what, O illustrious, was my joy upon beholding a large closet covered with drapery and labelled with the tempting announcement that had first drawn me to the place. On the top of the closet was placed a dirty faced plaster figure, which I concluded was the bust of him who had been so successful as to catch all the rats and other dainties which the closet contained &c. But as it may, I sat with my eyes

intently, and on the enticing dishes and paid but little attention to what was going on around me, which, by the way, was curious enough; for every now and again one of the young barbarians who were seated on the platform would arise and speak for a length of time in the most extravagant manner; and as soon as he would sit down the rest of the young savages would arise, and clustering around several one legged stools which were placed on the platform, yell in a most piteous manner. This alternate speaking and yelling was continued for a length of time, much to the annoyance of the people, who manifested their displeasure by loud noises with their hands and feet. Finally, it was over, to our surprise the people all went towards the door, regardless of the closet. When they had gone out, I ran eagerly to it, removed the drapery, and found nothing but an old desk. I was angry, and determined to go away, but hearing the noise of knives and of forks in another part of the house, I immediately hastened thither, and going into the room whence it proceeded, found a number of persons busily engaged in eating. My eyes brightened. I went eagerly around the table in search of the dish I had hoped for, but in vain. I seized one of the domestics, and exclaimed, - "ΠΦΚΝ!" He looked astonished and endeavoured to get away. I tried to make him understand: "Miaw, miaw! bow-wow!" I cried. He looked puzzled, until his comrade called out: "Arrah! don't mind him, Mike; he's crazy!" and then he took to his heels. I ran out of the room, and rested not until I reached my dwelling, where I now sit, earnestly longing for my recall. Your most devoted subject

Hong-Kong-Shi-hi.

Mandarin of the Bed Chamber

The Goose-Quill

MAR. 18. No 11. 1855.

The Most Wonderful Men in the World.

By X—

I have been travelling for many years, to find the most wonderful men in the world.

I have been among the Chinese, who twist their hair into ropes & their mustaches into whip-cord; who serve up a dish of grilled mice on great occasions, dine on rats of a Friday, and make apple-dumplings out of birds' nests; who are remarkable for their taste in dress, especially in the particular of shoes, which they build on the same plan as their ships, for their modest opinion of themselves and their country, & for their skill in painting,—being peculiarly happy in their imitations of nature. The Chinese are a wonderful people, but I have seen a stranger people yet.

I have been among the negroes of Guinea, who estimate the beauty of their ebony belles by the size & flatness of their noses and the spreading magnitude of their feet; who love large lips, & grin with delight at the scent of that perfume so peculiar

in the black race. I did not dwell among them long, for although they were an astonishing class of beings, I hoped to find some more wonderful still.

I tarried for a while in Mexico, where people wash their faces but once a year, with great ceremony, and live chiefly on oil and tobacco. They are a wonderful nation, but I did not like them.

I dwelt for a time in Connecticut, where nutmegs are made of pine, and where the staple productions are wooden clocks & peddlers. The Yankees are a strange people, but not the strangest I have seen.

I have been in France, where they have a revolution every three weeks, and where they make some very bad wine indeed. The French too are rather singular, but I have found men yet more wonderful.

I have been in Wales, where the people bear very long names and have discarded the use of vowels; where the women wear hats like the men, & where many of the men are old women.

I have been in Germany, where every village is an independent state, & where every body drinks beer whenever he is not smoking; in Holland, which lies half a mile below the level of the sea, and where they build mill-dams all around to keep out the water. I thought the Dutch a very queer people, and wondered how they managed to sink their country down so deep, and why every dutchman kept a wind-mill.

I have been in Italy, where every second man is either a beggar or a bandit; in Turkey, where the people are all very brave and noble and sit on the floor from morning till night, smoking through long black tubes which I believe are made of blacksnakes; in Russia, famed for her free institutions, the high degree of mental culture prevailing among her people, the vast amount of hemp raised by every Russian on his

head & face, & the very respectable, dignified and elevated character of her learned clergy.

I have been in Hindoostan, where the people are remarkable for their national spirit, energy and extremely rational piety, and where they roast ladies when their husbands die; in New Zealand, where the natives have a pleasant way of adorning their countenances with various marks; where a chief signs his name by drawing a fac simile of the figures on his face; where a kind quarter of white man or a missionary's spare rib is esteemed a great delicacy, and where the punishment for murder consists in eating first the victim and then the culprit, - the former dead, the latter while yet alive, - giving to the disconsolate relatives of the murdered man the daintiest bits of his murderer.

I have heard too of a tribe of men in Ireland, having tails six inches long, but I never saw them.

All these I thought very wonderful, but the most wonderful of all I found - at home.

They are a class of persons generally designated by the name of "politicians", and although they profess to have the same object in all their actions, they are nevertheless continually at war with one another, - so much so, that their 'patriotism' (as their zeal, is called) has divided them into a vast number of hostile parties, each with its specific appellation. What is most remarkable about them is that not one of these parties is able to point out any better reason for disagreement than the arbitrary distinction of name, or the sentiments with which certain individuals who are considered the leaders of their respective cliques are animated towards each other. Upon what grounds these leaders found their mutual dislike, or why they are placed at the head of their political parties, I never could ascertain. In talent they are

seldom superior to the generality of their followers; in integrity they are said to be wofully deficient, and their conduct in the private walks of life is by no means such as to entitle them to any enviable distinction. True it is, that each one in turn is said to be the saviour of his country; but then, according to their own confession, the country never is saved; and though they are constantly predicting the total ruin of the commonwealth, they seldom fail to inform the world in the same breath that the commonwealth never was in a sounder or more prosperous condition. They are always doing what is never done, and will cry out to day for the instantaneous destruction of the very measure which yesterday they declared to be the only safeguard against public ruin. For their opponents they invariably profess the highest esteem and regard; making it however one of the principal studies of their lives to blacken and defame their characters. They profess great unwillingness to accept any public honor or emolument, but are sadly disappointed if any one believes their professions. In a word, notwithstanding that they are continually talking about their devotion to the public, and the sacrifice of all private feelings to the common good, it is a well ascertained fact that their principles are directly opposed to their pretensions, and their conduct equally at variance with both.

Upon becoming acquainted with these peculiarities, I at once determined that the most wonderful men in the world were the politicians; for although I have observed among various nations certain singular traits and customs which are to be found in no other country, I never met with any class of people who differed so strangely not only from all the world besides, but even

from themselves.

-ooo-

America.

By ΠΦΚΝ.

Oh for the land where Freedom waves
  Her cap in air, her wand on high,
Entwined with chains of ransomed slaves,
  Bright trophies of her victory!

Pray tell me not of foreign shores,
  Where crystal flood o'er golden beds
Rich treasures into Ocean pours
  Where amber with the coral weds.

Nor where the air is soft as balm,
  (Thy only boast, sweet Araby!)
Nor where the skies, forever calm,
  No darkling clouds of tempests see;

Where, in Bermuda's perfumed dell,
  Eternal spring enchants the earth,
And silver tones of Ariel
  Rouse pensive thought to wanton mirth;

"Nor where the foaming wines of Crete
  Go in the amber goblets 'round;
Where onyx shines beneath the feet"
  Of snowy nymphs that skim the ground;

But oh the land where every spot,
Each cultured and uncultured rood,
The stately dome, the lowly cot,
Have hymns of heart-felt gratitude,-
Have memories of the noble dead
Who for the cause of Freedom bled!

What though for her no Grecian art
Imperishable temples rear,
While every freeman's graceful heart
Enshrines some sacred image dear;
While on each pure unsullied brow
Our country's noblest features glow!

Away with Eastern pageantry,
With fancy's gorgeous colors decked!
Away with halls of luxury,
That shine with spoils of fortune wrecked!

What though no palace of Merou
For us its rich moresques unfold,
Nor porphyre throw its spotted hue
Across high-arched vaults of gold,-
While virtue flings her magic spells
'Round hearths where humble Freedom dwells!

We envy not the classic land,
Where man's ideal lies entombed
In ice-cold forms,- a marble band
Of shapes by Fiction's dreams illumed;

Nor where realities of life
In borrowed hues from canvass leap,
Or proudest deeds of heroes' strife
In pencil strokes or gold cloth sleep.

But oh the land whose records past
Embodied live in Freemen's breast,
Where in the heart each deed is cast,
Each action on the soul impressed!

Where virtues are no fables more,
Aërial things that never be,
Such as false priestly zeal of yore,
Idolatrous Rome, had wove for thee!

But such as neither craft can mould,
Nor art in sculptured forms array;
Which live not in mere story told,
Nor sparkle in the poet's lay.

But such as live, when forms depart,
And crumbling pillars wasting crown,
The virtues of the lofty heart,
The virtues of a Washington!

THE BLUE-STOCKING.

Do you know what a "Blue Stocking" is? Well, in the first peace, she is always to be found at parties, and secondly, she is the greatest bore in existence. She cannot speak with you for five seconds without asking your opinion of Prof. Addlehead's last work on the Greek accent, what you think of Johnson's "History of ancient Belochistan", and whether you write poetry? If you are so unfortunate as not to have read the two works just cited, you are obliged to listen to an extremely interesting account of the learned professor's luminous theory, containing an incredible quantity of paradigms, digammas, and antepenultimates, enlivened by an immense amount of unintelligible Greek, quoted in support of her favorite. Then she inflicts upon you the whole plan of Johnson's great work, and the reasons he has for maintaining that Belochistan was originally a portion of Lapland, and was settled by a party of Chickasaw Indians, exiled from their native country on account of a revolution in which they had some share. She treats you also to the life of the first Khan of that country, Khgarftpook-Keshfuntiumm, and the names of all his successors, down to the present day. To all the interrogatories with which this charming pair of discourses is interspersed, you are of course expected to return intelligent answers. If you are or ever have been at College, she has no mercy on you: if not, she is equally pitiless,

strongly advising you to go, and recommending certain works, - only a few (say, thirty or forty) to your special study. Before you have well recovered from this shock of learning, she knocks you down again with a few pages of Byron, comparing each line separately with the verses of "Philo", who writes for the poet's corner of the "Squashville Democrat and People's independent Advocate". You occasionally make a mistake and express your unbounded admiration for the wrong poet: whereupon she gives you a withering look of contempt, and launches forth into a glowing eulogium on the one whom you have been depreciating, though which of the two it is, you are not quite certain. You declare, blushing, that you are of her opinion exactly, and she is somewhat appeased. Electricity, Animal magnetism, Differential Calculus, and Psychology follow in uninterrupted succession. At length you tell her that you have a friend present whom you must introduce to her, - a profound mathematician and metaphysician, and well versed in all the mysteries of both animal and mineral magnetism. You leave her half crazy with delight at the prospect of such a prize, and go in search of your friend Simpkins, who is a good, silly dunce, with a full pocket and an empty head. You intrust him to the tender mercies of the fair philosopher, and make the best of your way off to the remotest corner of the room.

In person, the "Blue Stocking" is tall, thin, bony, skinny, angular, and affected. Her age is between thirty-five and fifty, and her features are somewhat analogous to those of the snapping turtle. She generally wears false curls on the front of her head, and a cap on the back. Her waist is very long, and its circumference

extremely small and full of whale-bones. Managing party-givers are always careful to invite her to all their entertainments, - she is so useful as a talker. She is not at all fastidious, and will talk at any body & every body until the recipient of her charms is perfectly exhausted, but as for herself, she never tires.

She occasionally gives intellectual entertainments at her own house, where are to be be found the learned men of the town, and many charming ladies whose tastes are very like her own. There you may see little parson Todd, with his green spectacles and his one quotation from Virgil, which he introduces on all possible occasions; Dr. Pestle, the apothecary, a lean, cadaverous man, who smells very strongly of camphor and asafœtida, and makes frequent use of certain scraps of Greek, supposed to have been purloined from his "pharmaceutical dictionary"; Mr. Duodecimo, the bookseller, who judges of authors by the style in which their works are published and the number of editions through which they have run; Dr. Slasher the surgeon, who talks incessantly about scalpels and operations; Col. Granger, who has been in India, and has a great affection for mustard and red pepper; and a host of poetesses, who are continually talking about greenfields & bubbling brooks, shepherds & playful lambs, and cottages in shady dells. They try for an hour or two to talk each other down, and then sip weak tea for an hour longer, and while they are at table, Col. Granger describes his exploits at the taking of Brahma Poota, builds a plan of the fortress with the cups and plates, and finally assaults it with a table knife, doing infinite damage to the gilt edged china. Dr. Slasher meanwhile entertains the ladies by cutting out a cancer from a slice of cake.+

Parson Todd introduces his quotation four times, and it is just on his lips again when the mistress of the house requests him to say grace, and, to his great vexation, the opportunity is lost. They then adjourn to the parlour, and talk again for an indefinite period, and at length depart, exclaiming, "what a delightful evening we have had!"

In her domestic life, the "Blue Stocking" is as intellectual as she appears in public. She never stoops to interfere in household matters, which are too sordid for her refined mind. Her room is littered with books, pamphlets, and scientific journals. Greek & Latin lexicons encumber the parlour table, while the ancient authors are displayed in every corner of the house, with notes of admiration pencilled after the most approved passages. But all this is nothing to the manuscripts which crowd her writing desk. Treatises on botany, poetry, algebra, logic, & tiger-hunting, - the unpublished efforts of many men of genius who frequent her court, are mingled with numberless quires of her own ideas, expressed both in verse and prose. She is incessantly writing, and on the tip of the second finger of her skinny, attenuated right hand you can always detect the traces of ink. She has penned the "memoirs" of at least a dozen scientific and literary stars of her acquaintance, and the dearest wish of her life is that when she has departed this world some-one may be found to perform the like kind office for her: - or even were it done before that time (I am sure she has often written the biographies of living personages) she might, perhaps, like it a little better still. - Who knows?

JUDGMENT.

Part III

Amid the clouds, refulgent with the light-
And golden splendor of etherial world,
Amid the bright seraphic host of heaven,
Who swell their loud hosannas unto Him
On high, in Godlike majesty He comes,
The Son of man! On Calvary's brow again,
By angel-hands upreared, appears the Cross
Whereon He died. Resplendent 'tis with light,
And God's own glory shadows it; it stands
A monument of woe, a sight of death
To those who knew it not. The wicked fall
In fell despair, with muttered blasphemies,
And tortured souls; to earth they cannot look
Upon its brightness, for it brings to them
But late remorse; while to the just it is
The blessed harbinger of endless bliss.
But to its centre rocks the giant earth,
And o'er its frame convulsive tremors run
That seem to rend its blackened bulk; for lo!
The Judge now stands where once the Saviour died;
And earth, which knew Him not when erst he came,
Now trembles at His tread. The angels bow
Before His majesty, and veil in fear
Their faces. Man comes forth before His throne,
To give a dread account of all his deeds
And idle words, and wait his final doom.
The just who braved fierce persecution's rage

In life, before their persecutors stand;
Fell tyrants quail before their victims' glance,
Impiety recoils, and terror fills
The impious breast, and error shrinks abashed;
For truth is now triumphant; in the day
Of endless triumph and eternal doom.

Before assembled life mankind is judged,
And each receives the doom he had prepared.
Upon the right 'mid bright angelic hosts,
In heavenly splendor, all the faithful stand;
From him, the common father of our race,
The first who sinned, and by repentance gained
The forfeit gift of ever-lasting life,
To him who last, upon the sinful earth,
By sin unspotted died. But on the left,
In dismal rank arranged, encompassed 'round
By angels from the dark abyss, who fell
In rebel pride, when time and place were not,
The wicked stand, blaspheming and accursed;
From him, the first-born of the first; who raised
His impious hand, in jealous mood, against
A brother's life; who brought the tyrant death
Into the world, and taught mankind to kill,
Unto the last of Adam's sons who lived
In infamy, or died in guilt.

He speaks,-

And all created things are mute. "Depart,
"Ye cursed, into everlasting flame
"From all eternity prepared for proud
"And rebel angels!" Then, with wild acclaim
And agonizing shrieks, the damned ones call
Aloud for mercy, but they call in vain.

For mercy slumbers in the tomb of time,
And justice reigneth now. Unto the good
He turns: "Ye blessed of my Father, come
"Enjoy the realm of life, for you prepared
"From all eternity!" A murmur sweet
Of heavenly love ensues, and all th' elect
Arise from earth amid the angel troop
Adendant on the Lamb. The startled earth
In centre op'neth, and the flames of hell
Burst forth: the mountains topple o'er the vale,
And hang suspended o'er the dread abyss.
The wicked cling unto their rugged sides
And cry with horrid blasphemies aloud
Unto the saints, ascending with their God.
A father, doomed to endless misery,
Invokes his angel child: a mother seeks
In agony a stainless daughter's aid;
A sinful child on sinless parent calls,
And brothers crave a sister's aid, and friends
A friend's assistance wildly asks! But oh!
'Tis vain, 'tis vain; nor help nor pity comes
To ease their tortured souls. The mountains close
Above them with a crash, and lost to hope,
And happiness, and heav'n; condemned and doomed
To endless reprobation; infamy, and woe,
Hating and hated, cursing and accursed,
They plunge into the dismal, deep abode
Of endless death and never dying flame.
The great Archangel o'er the closing earth
Imprints the seal of heav'n. Th' Omnipotent,
By single act of his eternal Will,
Hurls forth the earth, in boundless space to roll

For endless ages with its weight of woe.

The End.

A Voice from the Army.

Friend Ham,-

I have much admired the style in which your journal is conducted, yet I must confess I have found it deficient in one very important point.

During your whole course as Editor, and among all the subjects which you have treated, you never have said a single word about the military profession. In a College like ours, where a taste for arms and a military life is so evidently predominant, and where there exists such a gallant and warlike company as the one to which I have the honor of belonging, such an oversight is quite unpardonable. It is an injustice done to a gallant troop, and my duty as cornet of said troop compels me to address you upon the subject and induce you, if possible, to repair the error into which you have fallen. As a student of St. John's College, you cannot be ignorant of their merits. Their courage, though not as yet tested, is nevertheless beyonds a doubt. Their energy and perseverance are unbounded. They are ever enthusiastic, particularly in elections, and attend drill every time they feel like it. They are extremely patriotic and devoted to liberty and independence, - especially the latter, - for they are totally independent of all the commands of their officers, except one, - "charge bayonets," and this they invariably execute with wonderful alacrity, by making a prompt rush at - their

captain. This however does not interfere with the order or good feeling of the company in the least. for as he generally refrains from that command and they obey no other, everything proceeds with the most perfect harmony. - except the drum.

Now with regard to the purpose for which this illustrious troop was armed and organized, I can say but little, for that, like their uniform, is but ill defined. However as it is generally understood among the officers (who compose more than half the company) it seems to be an annual dinner, or some great occasion, to be eaten by the members and paid for by the Quarter Masters out of an empty treasury.

Their arms, like the constitution, which the captain carries in his pocket, are intended more for show than use. They consist of a large quantity of muskets, made after an improved plan, so as to combine, in a very convenient degree, cheapness, safety, and durability. They require but little care in their management, and are never in much danger of bursting. Although comparatively harmless in a charge, being left without bayonets, out of a tender regard for the captain's safety, they are nevertheless extremely useful to make noise at an election. This formidable array of warlike implements constitutes the arsenal of the company, and, together with the drum, the perquisites of the captain's office in time of peace. The officers are elected semi-occasionally, that is to say, whenever the members want an election. In a word, the organization of the troop is perfect, and its general character is such as should have entitled it, ere this to more than a passing notice in the

Goose Quill. I remain

Your obedient servant

Cornet Drumstick C.C.

Literary Envy.

By ΠΦΚΝ

The dwarf still to himself a giant seems,
And fools still cope with Solomon in dreams;
The envious frogs unnaturally swell
Through dint of stretching bust their pellicle.
The block into whose thick and stolid head
Is beat, at length, the sense of A and Z,
Feels suddenly such aching, itching pains
He needs must empty out his swelling brains,
And though he sadly bungles when he spells
A native word of two, three syllables,
His blustering tongue and round inflated cheek
Is full of Latin prose and rhyming Greek.
His pompous words such knowledge do parade
As throw his own and others' in the shade;
And were he asked their meaning to explain
He sure would beat his leaden skull in vain.
Such, envy, is thy need; thy livid lip
Was never made the honied draught to sip.
Thy waspish nature still obeys its call;
Thou turnest dew and honey into gall
Would'st thou a friend to self and others be?-
Owe naught to spite,-owe all to industry.

—o—

A Just Complaint.

Ham. -

Do you ever go to sleep? Supposing this question answered in the affirmative, let me now ask you another. When you do go to sleep, do you like to be disturbed half an hour before the necessary time of rising, and to be deprived of the sweetest part of your slumber, just because your neighbour wants to hear the birds sing, or see the sun rise? And don't you feel especially irritated if the aforesaid neighbour, in order to accomplish one or other of these romantic ends, think it necessary to alarm the whole dormitory with the noise of his boots before his departure, and deprive all his companions of their sleep, just because it suits his pleasure to sniff the morning air half an hour in advance of ordinary mortals? If you can answer no to this question, and yes to the one before it, I will set you down as a person above the ordinary run of humanity and apply to some other source. But if, as I shrewdly suspect, you share the feelings of the rest of the community with regard to this unreasonable conduct, why do you not cry out against it? You conduct the College organ, and should consequently have an eye to the general good. Now nothing could be more conducive to the general good than the abolition of this custom. You should then endeavour to put an end to it, especially now, since approaching spring, with its bright mornings, pure air, singing birds, &c., is apt to offer fresh inducements to this sentimental troop of early risers.

Yours, &c

Cubiculum Cacklecat.

The Goose-Quill

APR. 1. No 12. 1855.

How Deacon Slump became a Backslider.

By Wood N. Nutmegs.

Deacon Slump was, by all odds, the most Godly man in Beanville. His long, sallow face never relaxed into a smile, his upturned eyes never twinkled with pleasure, and the most provoking jokes never moved the corners of his tightly closed mouth from their well regulated position. His hands, when not particularly engaged, were generally crossed upon his breast, as if he said: "there is a treasure in here, good brethereu, which I must be very careful not to let escape". He carried his head erect, and when he walked in the street (which was very often, as the good deacon deemed it a part of his duty to observe particularly how all his neighbours conducted themselves) he always had an old cotton umbrella under one arm and a hymn book under the other. He was held in awful reverence by the good damned & church-going inhabitants of the town, who regarded deacon Slump as one of the lights of the Church & the chief support of the Methodist

persuasion in the flourishing district of Beanville. If a desponding old lady needed comfort, deacon Slumps was the only man who could console her and turn the workings of grace into a more comfortable direction. If an obdurate sinner was to be converted, deacon Slumps was always the one deputed to do the good work & his prayers & exhortations were so effectual that he coaxed wring groans from the most hardened and tears from the scoffers. At Camp meetings, the "anxious seats" were always filled with his converts, who were remarkable for their fervor & vociferousness, and for the stentorian lungs with which they shouted "amen" or "glory" at every comma in the sermons.

At home the deacon's life was eminently godly & exemplary. He was a bachelor, and lived in a small house situated near the central part of the village. His parlour was ornamented in a very pious manner; portraits of Methodist preachers adorned the walls; two Bibles, a New Testament, a few hymn books, the "Pilgrim's Progress", an innumerable reports of Missionary, Bible, and "moral improvement" societies were piled upon the table; and the chairs, the carpet, and all the furniture wore a stiff, demure, evangelical look quite in Keeping with everything around them. How deacon Slumps passed his time when at home (which was very seldom) no one precisely knew, but on evenings when he felt disinclined to visit & impart spiritual aid to others, the neighbours were enlivened by the loud nasal tones of his sharp voice, as he sang, with infinite assiduity, his favorite hymn -

"Oh I'm going to glory!
"Won't you come to glory with me?
"Glory!"

It was observed however, at one time, that the hymn was not heard so often as usual, & that his evenings at home grew fewer & fewer, until at last the house became almost deserted. The two spinster sisters, who lived opposite, and took turns at the window from

daybreak till dark, but who, of course, had not the least curiosity to know how the deacon lived, declared that he frequently did not come home to his meals, and that it certainly was very mysterious.

About the same time, those who lived on the outskirts of the village often noticed the reverend form of deacon Slumps walking in the direction of the Widow Weston's comfortable farm house, just beyond the thickly settled portion of Beanville. Old Weston, a plain, easy going man, dying about two years before that time, had left his ancestral lands and dwelling together with a pretty large sum of money, to his good looking and disconsolate spouse. The fair widow was a devout Methodist, and of course almost adored the deacon, whom she regarded as a perfect model of a godly preacher and a charitable man. It was to her old-fashioned mansion that deacon Slumps had been turning his steps of late with more than ordinary frequency. He had been smitten by the widow's poultry, pigs, smiles and piety, and it was a delight to his Christian heart to impart to the possessor of all these virtues the spiritual aid which he was so able to give. He went once, and the widow seemed to feel so honored by a visit from the holy man, & so grateful for the pious discourse to which he treated her, (it was on the vanity of worldly wealth) that he inwardly determined, as he left the house, to call again; and as he passed by the fields of yellow grain, the gardens so well stocked with cabbages and beds of fragrant onions, the acres of ripening corn, and the big golden pumpkins peeping out between, telling of hot corn cakes & well-spiced pumpkin pies; as he saw the barns bursting with their crowded wealth, the geese stretching out their long necks to indulge in a spiteful hiss at every passer by, the two-

Rys strutting conceitedly about, the ducks swimming in the pond, and scores of half-fledged chickens running after demure old hens;- as he saw all this, he felt a growing taste for the widow's company, and renewed his determination to call again before long on the hospitable owner of all these comforts.

Two or three days after this first visit, the widow was again thrown into a flutter of delight by beholding the sanctified figure of deacon Slump approach her door, with the cotton umbrella, the hymn book and the devout eyes bespeaking inexhaustible charity & the most unctious discourses. This time the deacon remained a little longer and spoke with unusual sweetness, and his fair hostess placed before him one of the most delectable of homemade cakes, kneaded by her own fat, snow-white fingers, and baked under her own skilful direction. A savory smell was wafted temptingly from the Kitchen, and it was without much difficulty that the pious deacon was prevailed on to stay to tea, and in fine to spend the evening, discussing religion and the widow's cider. It did not take him long to form a determination of repeating the visit again;- the widow was such a godly woman and it was such a good work to go about imparting spiritual assistance:- and then how he could advance the holy cause by strengthening the widow and helping the growth of grace in her heart;- verily, she would become, by his care, one of the lights of Israel! So deacon Slump reasoned with himself, and so did he speak to the two Spinster Sisters, who lived opposite; for (though of course they were not at all curious) they had resolved to inquire of the deacon the reasons of his frequent absence, and the moment he appeared at home after the fourth evening's visit, sister Jemima just popped across the street &

put the important question Sister Ruth sat at the window till she returned, and as soon as she left the deacon's steps, ran to the door to get the earliest possible intelligence. "Well, Jemima! what did he say?" "Now, Ruth, how curious you are! can't you wait till I get into the house?" Then followed a repetition of the deacon's words (dovetailed with a few embellishments), and an exclamation of indignant surprise & an uplifting of the hands by the breathless sister Ruth. "Humph", said sister Jemima. "Spiritual assistance!" echoed sister Ruth. "The widow Weston!" rejoined sister Jemima. "Four evenings in one week, and nearly every day besides!" exclaimed sister Ruth. "Those Methodists!" cried sister Jemima. "I always said that widow Weston was an artful creature!" declared sister Ruth. "Deacon Slump!" groaned sister Jemima. "Who could believe it?" asked both together. And thus the two amiable old maids picked to pieces the godly deacon, as he sat by his chamber window and sang his well-known hymn.

"Oh I'm going to glory! etc"

Matters at the widow Weston's however progressed very rapidly. He no longer restricted his calls to four times a week, but soon extended them to seven, and held prayer-meeting in her spacious sitting room every Sunday evening. When the exercises were over, it was observed by those who purposely delayed their departure (among whom was sister Ruth, who had joined the Methodists as soon as she learned that deacon Slump held prayer-meeting at the widow Weston's) that the deacon always remained behind, in company with the mistress of the mansion, and sister Jemima ascertained, by listening at the open window, and catching a bad cold in consequence, that he never got home until quite a late hour, all of which the two sisters, and, through their means, the whole village declared to be very significant. People who passed the old farm-

house at evening also heard two voices, one of which they avowed to be the widow's and the other deacon Slump's singing together,-

"Oh we're going to glory!
"Won't you come to glory
"with us?
"Glory!"

At last one evening the deacon made his appearance at the widow's house with a longer and more sanctified face than usual. His clothes too were arranged with more than ordinary neatness, and were well brushed: even the hymn book and the cotton umbrella seemed full of meaning. After supper was over, the deacon drew his chair close to the widow's and gave a short cough. "Ahem!" returned his companion. He saw that he must begin. "It hath always appeared to me, sister, that we ought all of us to do everything that we can to further the good cause." "Yes, deacon but ah! we are so weak: we need a strong hand to help us;- and the widow heaved a pious groan. "Do you not think then, sister, that it is a good work for the strong & experienced to help the weak?" returned the godly man, while visions of home-made cake, pumpkin pies, & a comfortable fire side gave unction to his words. "I am indeed but a frail man, but I have had experience in the ways of wickedness; I have fought with the deceits of mammon, and I have combatted against the dwellers in the haunts of sin, and many have listened to my voice and have received the outpourings of grace thereby. And now would I fain help & support others for the rest of my life, for to this the spirit moveth me?" "Ah! deacon, how good you are," said the widow, deeply affected by this generosity; "what a blessing to be near you!" Then deacon Slump took courage and said: "My heart is moved towards ~~each other~~ you, sister, for I feel that we were made to help one another, and I fain would be joined unto you for life, and when death comes

together will we cross the dark waters of the Jordan, and go to glory. Say, sister; shall it be so?" And deacon Slump took the fair fat hand in his, and gave it a gentle squeeze, which was neither resisted nor returned; he gave another, & the widow squeezed back'.....

That night sister Jemima watched so long at the open window that she was confined to her bed for a fortnight after and was therefore unable to attend the wedding of the fair widow and the godly deacon.

After this event however the deacon changed greatly. He remained more at home (that is, of course, at the farm house), and was supposed to confine his spiritual ministrations at first in great part, and soon entirely to his wife. He no longer went about his neighbours' business, and the hymn book and cotton umbrella disappeared in the course of a month and were never seen again. His suit of rusty black was exchanged for a dress of good homespun, and his white neckcloth was totally discarded. He grew corpulent, cheerful and smiling, & had not the poultry yard & pig pen been so abundantly stocked, a fearful falling off would soon have been observed among the young porkers & the geese, ducks & turkeys. Although the deacon lived happily with his partner, he ceased to be regarded as the pillar of Beanville Methodism, and the preachers preached strong sermons on backsliding, the religious old ladies lifted up their hands and groaned in pious horror, and the amiable sisters, Ruth and Jemima, held long discussions over their tea with their spinster friends on the sinfulness of Mr. & Mrs. Slump and their falling away from grace.

THE WEST.

Oh who would not leave the dull shores of Atlantic,
And fly to the clime of the happy far west,-
To sport 'mid her mountains and forests romantic,
Or dwell in her valleys, contented & blest!

To follow the deer in the steep rugged highland,
To tempt the lone bear in the thorn guarded brake,
To skim o'er the river, and sport in each island
That gemmeth the brow of the forest-bound lake!

To sit by the rivulet, drink of the fountain,
Or wearied repose in the balmiest shade,-
To face the roused panther or rude cat-a-mountain
In rocky ravine or in dense woody glade!

To wander at will o'er the sky bounded prarie,
Or roam by the forest-lake's flower-clad shore,-
To climb the high cliff to the mountain bird's eyrie,
Or list to the cataract's thundering roar!

Oh who would not dwell in a land so enchanting,
So lovely and dear to the forester's heart,
Where nature, her noblest of trophies implanting,
Displayeth her beauties unshackled by art?

Mr. Weasen.

Mr. Weasen is always ailing. He never by any accident so far forgot himself as to say that he was "pretty well," and if you are imprudent enough to accost him by the consecrated salutation of "How are you?" you will be sure to repent it. He has been afflicted, at different periods of his unhappy life, by every disease or infirmity that the malice of doctors ever invented, and he always keeps a good stock of miseries on hand, for the special edification and entertainment of his friends. If you are to believe his word, he is, at the present moment, suffering from rheumatism in every one of his limbs, a tumor in the pit of his stomach, a diseased liver, bleeding lungs, and above all, "general debility", which is his chronic distemper, and of which he is always complaining in the most piteous tones. He is in constant dread of catching cold; never goes out of doors without putting on two or three overcoats and immmerable shawls, comforters and underclothes; wears in the streets two pairs of shoes, and india-rubbers in addition if the ground chance to be in the slightest degree damp, and carries in his pocket a bottle of cough medicine, which he is continually pulling out, & of which he takes a portion whenever he feels a little chilly, or experiences any ticklish sensation about the throat. His room is filled with medicines lotions, powders & shower baths, by the aid of which he hopes to lengthen

out his existence for a time, though he knows that one suffering from all the diseases which he has can never expect to be actually cured. His person is strongly redolent of paregoric and laudanum, so much so, in fact, that whoever converses with him for a few moments is sure to carry off some of the perfume about his own clothing.

Mr. Weasen has found himself obliged to change his physician very frequently. He employed Dr. Softly at first but although the Doctor was quite attentive for a week or so, he gradually grew negligent, and as Mr. Weasen's maladies were of such a nature as to require constant care, he felt it to be a duty which he owed to himself & to mankind to apply to some other physician.

Dr. Softly however did not manifest much concern at the loss of such a patient, & some even said that he seemed to feel greatly relieved.

Mr. Weasen found all doctors pretty much alike, until he laid his case before Doctor Downright, who very plainly told him that there was nothing at all the matter with him, and recommended that he should throw all his physic out of the window and discard the use of half of his clothing; but of course he was not going to follow such absurd advice as that, and lose his life in consequence. Why it would kill him in less than a week! At last he confided his troubles to the Rev. Dr. Gossamer, a great valetudinarian, and the only person he ever met who could sympathise with him; by his instructions he placed himself under the care of Mr. Jalap the apothecary, a small man with a snub nose and with great faith in the efficacy of all kinds of drugs. With this sapient friend (for so he esteems him),

Mr. Measen drugs himself ad libitum, and will probably continue to do so as long as his really robust state of health is able to withstand the combined attacks of a diseased mind, a craving for commiseration, & a thoroughgoing apothecary.

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The Two Pictures.

By C. C.

As broke the dawn athwart the gloom,
The distant guns began to boom;
'Tis Inkermann's great strife!
And through the air so dense & drizzly
There sounds the sharp artillery,
And drum & shrieking fife.

Columns advance in fierce array,
And thicker grows the bloody fray,
And cannons louder roar,
And bristling troops are swiftly wheeled
And horse and rider sweep the field
Where streams the smoking gore.

The bugles of the "Fifth" now sound,
And with a billow's rushing bound
Dash onward to the fray.
But mark, upon the advancing line,
Where glist'ning weapons thickest shine
The plume of Cecil Grey!

'Twas he, that youth of noble form,
Who, ere commenced the battle storm
Of Inkermann's dark height,
Had breathed one name with inward prayer,
Recalled one parting scene's despair,
And pressed a locket bright.

The grieving lip, the moistened eye,
The low but deep and tender sigh
One instant marked the lover!
But thoughts of glory heave his breast,
His hand the gleaming sword has pressed
And memory's spell is over.

The waves of combat surge and dash,
Retreat, advance, now meet and crash,
Now swaying to and fro;
Now flash the sabres thick and fast,
The roar of muskets swells the blast,
And notes of dying woe!

Mid bristling ranks of Muscovite,
That nodding plume is yet in sight,
And seems alive with glory.
Still in the vortex onward borne
Where thickly strewed as sheaves of corn,
Lie heroes gashed and gory.

We gaze again;- that plume is bowed;
It fell amid your densest crowd
Of Russia's dense array.

But now they break in total rout,
The "Fifth" pursue with gallant shout:—
But where is Cecil Gray?

'Tis night; a friend seeks 'mong the slain
That lie upon the dreadful plain
His comrade loved and brave;
Clips with his sword one lock of hair,—
Takes from his neck that picture fair;
Then scoops the hero's grave.

In England, by the Thames' side
There dwells a sad and anxious bride,
A gentle one and fair.
Her cottage walls, that gleam so white,
That hid by vines and blossoms bright
Now echo many a prayer.

With aching heart and streaming eyes,
Those fervent prayers to heaven arise
By night as well as day.
She wears a picture on her breast
To which her lips are often pressed,—
'Tis that of Cecil Grey!

And days wear on in silent sorrow:
"Some news, perchance, may come tomorrow;
Hope struggled to be free.
But hark! what sounds are those afar!
"Oh heavens! some tidings from the war!
"Speak quick; what news for me?"

"No letter, but" — she gasps for breath:
"Oh give it quick! It means not death, —
He sends some joyous token." —
Her picture and his blood-stained hair:
— We dare not paint that wild despair;
Enough! — her heart was broken.

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Observations & Cogitations Aboard a Railroad Car.

By Idlehead LookAbout.

Would you see life in all its phases? Get into an American railway car, and establishing yourself in a comfortable seat, look about you. Perhaps the cars have not yet started; the passengers are just coming in. It would be best to observe them.

Here they come; — a party of ladies and gentlemen; — Shanghai coats bespeak fashion's votaries; bracelets & rings tell you of wealth, while rouged cheeks might remind you of beauty. The smile that is meant to enchant, and the joke that flatters itself as that beautiful smile's sole cause might persuade you of the presence of happiness. Close on the heels of this joyful company comes a woman, respectably but plainly clad; there is poverty in her dress, but that poverty is embellished by an air of cleanliness, and set off by a modest and honest countenance which does not in the least offend your eye after its contempla-

tion of the brilliant group that preceeded her. As she walks on in the car, she accidentally treads on the rich hemmings of one of those fine ladies' beautiful dresses. There is a respectful apology in a minute on her lips, as the lady, gathering in her skirts, makes the innocent offender conscious of her fault: something like an expression of disgust was on the lady's face. Perhaps you were mistaken in this, but assuredly no smile followed the apology.

After a vast commotion, and a strange shuffling of feet outside, there enters a very fat gentleman, puffing and blowing after his exertions in getting into the car. His face is very red and fleshy, his eyes look like mere slits between his expansive forehead and protruding cheeks, and as he edges his way between the seats you tremble lest he establish himself near you, to render a little more likely your chances of getting quickly out of the door in case of one of our every day and matter-of-course railway collisions, or back-nosed precipitations over an open drawbridge, or down the sides of an embankment, when all the safety signals are out and the train going at the rate of forty miles an hour. But thanks to the fat gentleman's consideration for your personal safety, and to his exhaustion from fatigue, he pushes himself into the first empty seat, and after wriggling about for more than five minutes, he gradually appears to have composed his immense mass of flesh, if you can judge from the contented way in which he tosses back his head, and sends a stream of tobacco juice almost to the door, as if to measure the distance he has come, and to congratulate himself upon having accomplished such a feat.

There are two men in the

seat before you, one of whom discourses knowingly of stocks, banks, failures, tightness in the money market, &c; while the other talks voluminously of the administration, the Cuba question, the Nebraska and Kansas bill, and the "kitchen cabinet." An old woman, pretty near you, who occupies two seats with bandboxes, umbrellas, bundles of all sorts, and a baby, asks, in a tone of anxiety, of every one who happens to look at her property or herself, if there is any baggage-master in the train. Some good natured man engages her in conversation, and you pity the poor creature from your heart, as you hear her relate how she has three or four trunks in the baggage car, all to be landed, with herself, baskets, carpet-bags, bandboxes, bundles and baby, at a place where the cars do not stop for more than five minutes.

There is a newsboy, who pokes every kind of paper and periodical into your face, till you are forced to buy one to get rid of him. There is another boy who cries — "lozenges" through the cars. No one buys however but the woman who has the baggage and the baby; the apple-vender too finds her his sole customer.

But you are started now; the train is on its way; the fat gentleman is snoring; the party we mentioned first seem to be chatting about the opera; the politician is tirading against Pierce; his companion occasionally interrupts him with a word about Wall St. finances; the respectable woman sits quietly in her seat; the woman with the baggage & the baby is engaged, now in soothing the latter; now in arranging the former. The conductor enters, wakes up the fat gentleman, who who keeps him waiting about a quarter of an hour before he finds his ticket, and then takes much

quarter of an hour to compose himself and resume his disturbed slumbers. The woman with the baby and the baggage sighs when the conductor tells her that there is no baggage master; and so things go on. Every now and then the cars stop, the conductor shouts something, the woman with the baggage pricks up her ears & makes a prudent snatch at her baby and baskets, then lets them go; the conductor shouts again, and the train is once more in motion. At length, you hear another shout; this time the woman is on her feet in earnest; the baby is snatched up, the baskets seized; the good natured man helps her out with her carpet bags and bundles; you catch a glimpse of a shawl and a baby's dress rushing past the window in the direction of the baggage car; then almost immediately the conductor shouts, "all right"; the cars move off, and you are left to conjecture with yourself whether the "all right" was quite right for the woman with the baby and baggage.

The journey is finished. There is a pushing and pressing to get out; every one is in a hurry, & every one gets in every one's way; the fat gentleman shoves towards the door; those behind him try to urge him on, but he says he thinks he is going fast enough, and he puffs and blows as he says it, every now & then relieving himself by a discharge of tobacco juice, distributed indiscriminately on seat, clothes and all. At last, every one is out; you see the fashionable party getting into a handsome carriage and driving off. The politician and his Wall st. friend have met some acquaintances of their own way of thinking, and you judge from their gestures and manner of speaking that the subjects with which you have been regaled on the jour-

ney are being once more served up. The respectable woman walks away in the same quiet unpretending manner with which you saw her enter the car, and the last view you have of the fat gentleman, is to see his corpulency tumbling into a narrow omnibus, much to the discomfort of the inside passengers, who manifest their feelings by certain twitchings of the face and expressions of impatience.

As for yourself, you go your own way, and reflect upon what you have seen.

On taking leave of a Friend.

By Josiah.

I scorn that dogma of the press,
That absence makes our friendship less:
It sanctifies the tie.
In Lybia's sands or Zembla's snows
The plant celestial springs & grows,
The fav'rite of the sky.

Fain would I check the parting tear,
But friendship claims the tribute here:
In youth or life's decline,
May some kind angel condescend
To guard my dear and absent friend
With love that rivals mine.

The Goose-Quill

APR. 29. No. 13. 1855.

Mottle vs. Grundle.

Mrs. Mottle was a rich woman; there is no doubt at all about that. She never wore the same dress more than twice, her house was one of the largest and most magnificent in the city, and her liveried servants, had they taken it into their heads to enter the service of the United States, would alone have constituted quite a respectable regiment. Besides her money, Mrs. Mottle had a husband. I say her money. To be sure, old Mottle had made it all, while engaged in the leather business, but his wife spent it, and enjoyed it; consequently, it belonged to her, not to him. In fact, she kept her husband, just as she would a sort of respectable upper servant, — except that she saw rather less of him.

There is an old saying, that wealth does not bring happiness, and Mrs. Mottle was far from being happy. She was in constant dread of something which haunted her imagination day & night. It was not sickness that she feared; it was not death; it was not the wings for which riches are said to have such

a predilection, nor was it anything connected with Wall street. It was not fire; it was not her dress-maker, nor her cook, nor her head-waiter; it was not the night-mare, nor the influenza; it was not a vampyre, and it was not mice, but it was — Miss Euphemia Grundle. In a word, Miss Grundle was her torment: she was also her maternal aunt. In appearance Miss Grundle was like all other maiden aunts, — tall, thin, and bearing traces of that mature age when piety and cats begin to supplant matrimonial speculations. She was remarkable for the very singular style of her head-dress, which consisted of a highly elevated cap, of her own make, surmounted by two enormous bows of green ribbon, which, being raised to such an altitude, rendered the charming wearer somewhat conspicuous.

Miss Grundle was not very well off in this world's goods, and resided in a decidedly unfashionable quarter of the city, where she rented two rooms, and did her own cooking, — performing that operation over a small stove in her bed room. Still, she was very fond of a good dinner, and hence very fond of Mrs. Mottle, at whose house she was a constant although I can not say a welcome visitor. In fact, these visits (a periodical one every Sunday and occasional calls during the week) were to her loving niece the most painful and intolerable of inflictions; but though she frequently and purposely gave signs of this, Miss Grundle, who was sharp enough to hear or understand anything else, never seemed to comprehend her meaning and continued her visitations.

Now Mrs. Mottle was a worldly woman and always had a large and fashionable assemblage to dine with

her on Sunday. The excellent Mr. Toogood, the popular preacher of the Fifth Avenue Episcopalians, was generally present, charming every one by his sweet and consoling words, as soft and comfortable as the velvet & cushioned seats of his elegant Church. Invariably, just before dinner was announced, the door would open and Miss Grundale, who was rather fond of high society, would enter, hymn book in hand, and panting with the fatigue of her long walk from the Rev. Caleb Allspice's church, of which she was a most exemplary member. She always saluted Mrs. Mottle with a kiss (and a good loud one, too,), exclaiming, at the same time: "Well, Mody, my dear; I've come to take dinner with you to day. How do you do?"

In spite of Mrs. Mottle's skilful manoeuverings to place her aunt and her husband together at table, where they would be in no one's way, Miss Euphemia contrived to be seated somewhere near the centre of conversation and in the vicinity of the most important personages. Once only was she thrown next to Mr. Mottle, but as soon as she found herself in this insignificant position, she reached over the table to obtain a view of the company, and select the best place, and then called out to the Rev. Mr. Toogood who was in the midst of one of his most beautiful phrases: —

'Parson Toogood, wont you just change seats with me? there is nobody down here for me to talk to!" The change was made, and to complete Mrs. Mottle's mortification, her aunt, after giving a few premonitory twitches to her high cap, and groaning audibly, began to present an account of the

sermon she had that day heard from that dear, good soul, the Rev. Caleb Allspice. Now as this account was given in a very loud tone of voice, and as the Rev. Caleb was a bitter foe to the Rev. Mr. Toogood, and never preached upon any other subject than the iniquities of Episcopalianism and the worldliness of all Episcopalian ministers, and as, moreover, he had that morning been exceedingly severe, there was at least one person in the room to whom the recital proved very interesting. Mrs. Mottle was ready to die of vexation, but nothing she could do would silence her aunt, whose tongue, by the by, when it once got a going, could be stopped by nothing short of paralysis. The result of it all was that Mr. Toogood dined the next Sunday, and every succeeding Sunday, at the rich and aspiring Mrs. Foggs'; - a double affliction for Mrs. Mottle, who hated that lady as much as she admired the minister.

The week after this occurrence, Miss Grundle explained, as she kissed her niece, - "Well, Motty, my dear, - since you've lost one parson, I've brought you another better; - here's the Rev. Caleb Allspice come with me, and he's coming every Sunday." Mrs. Mottle looked up in dismay, and beheld the Rev. Caleb before her, making the most graceless bow that mortal ever made. He was a short, stumpy, vulgar looking man, with a snub nose, a yellow complexion, bleary eyes, hair combed down over his forehead, clothes of a rusty black and setting all awry, and hands which looked like a shoemaker's. A wisp of dirty white cravat was wound around his

dirty neck, and his boots were certainly such as had never walked over Mrs. Moodle's tapestry carpets before. She gave one glance at him and could contain her feelings no longer - a loud scream, and she fainted.

When she revived, she heard the tones of a hash, grating voice exhorting her guests to repentance. A sigh from Miss Euphemia, a few suppressed titters from the younger portion of the company, and a murmur of indignation from the others determined her to a relapse, and she remained oblivious till her guests (including Miss Grundle & her pastor) had taken their departure.

It may readily be conceived that her fashionable acquaintances after this, kept aloof. Miss Grundle supplied their place with her fellow Methodists, who showed great zeal in their charitable visits to Mrs. Moodle, and wonderful appetites for her dinners. The Rev. Caleb appeared every Sunday just at dinner time and repeated, for the edification of his hostess, the whole of his morning's sermon; at which the pious guests, who had already shed tears of devotion over it at Church, moaned in the most approved manner, & rolled their eyes, sometimes towards heaven, but oftener towards the Rev. Caleb, with evident marks of internal satisfaction.

Things went on in this way for some time. At last, one day when Miss Euphemia called, attended by a bevy of spinsters anxious to establish a sewing society, she was astonished at beholding affixed to the door a bill, with the words - "For Sale". Mrs. Moodle had removed from the city, and her aunt never could ascertain whither she had gone.

—

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON

By Jonas.

Part I.

I

Dark was the frown of the midnight sky,
With mournful wail the wind swept by,
When Freedom to join Delaware's shore
To strike one blow
On her tyrant foe,
Beheld her dauntless legions pour.

II.

No clarion shrill its clan-god lent,
As to their oars the patriots bent;
They heard in the moaning wind the knell,
Of those who fought and vainly fell
On Boston's mount, Manhattan's plains;
And their bosoms owned the moving strains.
They heard in the ice's crashing stroke
The clank of the tyrant's iron yoke,
And they beat the wave with a frenzied blow,
As though each stroke laid a Britton low.

III.

The bank is gained; by the snow's dim ray
They form the line of war's array.
Serried and silent they tread the path,-
Silent,- for mute is the patriot's wrath.

Who fights for lucre, or warlike fame,
May laugh and jest in war's dread game;
But he who fights for a country's fate,
Who feels on his arm a nation's weight,
Can waste no breath in idle jest,
No joy can feel in his patriot breast
Silent they marched, as the flakes that fell
In whitening sheet o'er hill and dell,
Swift they marched, – as the flakes that passed,
Shook from the wings of the friendly blast,
To fall at their feet, a cushion damp,
And muffle the sound of the warrior's tramp.
So still, so stern, that warlike band,
They seemed a host from spirit land.

IV.

'Tis morn ere they can reach the scene,
Where, marked by the misty screen,
Their leaguered foes securely sleep;
Not sleep that soothes the peaceful mind,
Where virtue strength again may find
To walk her happy round, –
But that which springs from wassail deep,
Where jest and song are bandied free
By soldiers in their revelry,
The Hessian & Saxon bound.
One minute they pause their ranks to dress, –
One fervent prayer to heaven address, –
One glance at the scene, so fair, so still, –
One look, to read in each eye the will
To conquer or die in their country's cause; –
It seemed an age, that fearful pause!

MR. PORTLY.

Mr. Portly was a man of extensive talents but of very small means.

I say Mr. Portly was a man of extensive talents, for Mr. Portly was president of the "Columbian Association of Arts & Sciences", Vice president of the "Anglo-American Institute for the diffusion of literature", a member of one of the "Philo" societies, which boasted of being the first of its numerous namesakes in this country, - and besides, Mr Portly was an honorary member of all the historical, dramatical, scientific and archaeological societies (and there are not a few of them) throughout the land. Therefore, you see, I have reason for saying that Mr. Portly was a man of extensive talents.

But then, I added, Mr. Portly was a man of very small means. And this was Mr. George Jeremiah Portly's great misfortune; it was a misfortune too which he feared could never be remedied, - the only flaw, as he used to tell his friends, that he could find in his motto; — "Labor omnia vincit"; for he never yet had conquered Fortune's frown; and still Mr. Portly had tried hard to do it. Poverty, he said, was the curse of the Portlys. He could trace his genealogy back to the time of the

patriarchs, and he was convinced that Portly number One, who lived then, was very nearly connected with the "indigent turkey which was a contemporary of Job and his ancestor. Hence Mr. Portly conceived an immense dislike for turkeys.

Various and numerous had been the ways attempted by Mr. Portly to overcome this singular propensity of his family to be poor. After a learned examination of the different properties of the human head and body, Mr. Portly had come to the conclusion that it might be possible to restore the African race to their natural color, which he declared to be white, but which, by external causes, most scientifically and technically explained by him in a work of twenty volumes, had been transformed into black. But strange to say, despite the advertisements of "A great and original work, in twenty volumes, containing the discovery of the real cause of the peculiarities of the African race, by George Jeremiah Portly", with which the said gentleman occupied a column of half-a-dozen daily newspapers, regularly, for six months, the work would not sell, and Mr. Portly was at the end of that time beset by the pestering editors for the payment of his advertisements, which they had inserted at Mr. Portly's instance, relying for their remuneration on the immense sale which Mr. Portly assured them would, without doubt, attend his master-piece of science and invention.

This was Mr. Portly's first

failure, but he did not despair. "Courage, George Jeremiah Portly", he said to himself; - "labor omnia vincit; let us try it again." And forthwith Mr. Portly plunged, with all his heart and soul, into a plan for reducing the National Debt of England. For two years did Mr. Portly toil on through heaps and piles of figures, till his mind got so affected by this constant calculation that ~~he~~ whenever a friend came to see him, instead of saying "how do you do?" he would invariably salute him by "two and two make four." Desiring to inquire after his wife and children, he would ask if his "hypothenuse were doing well, and if the radii were in good health?" and would often press one to allow him "to extract his square root" - meaning, to to be polite and beg him to stay for dinner, which he assured him very humbly however would be composed of "unknown quantities."

His friends, alarmed at this conduct, and fearing that Mr. Portly might become affected in his mental faculties by such labors, begged him to desist, - to which he unwillingly consented, assuring them, though, that he now saw his way clear before him, and if they had only left him alone there only remaind for him to reduce an equation of twenty unknown quantities, and then to extract the cube root of the resultant, and his object would have been accomplished, his motto verified, and the Portly family (to give his own words on that occasion) would have been "all squared".

Mr. Portly's next attempt was a noble one. He conceived the idea of uniting the scattered tribes of Indians throughout the country and making them one nation. For this purpose Mr. Portly

delivered a series of lectures before different humane and philanthropic societies, and collected funds to defray the expenses of a tour among the tribes, with one or two of his friends, for the purpose of bringing about so desirable an object.

He first paid a visit to the Kickapoo Indians, and by means of an interpreter declared to them his intentions, which they did not exactly understand, but promised to concur in Mr. Bartly's plan, on the presentation of a barrell of "fire water", - which Mr. Bartly very magnanimously gave them; but he was somewhat surprised to see them all get most gloriously intoxicated, and elevate their generous benefactor on a rail, carrying him about, much to his depreciation of this unwished for elevation, and thereby greatly wounding his feelings.

Mr. Bartly soon left the Kickapoos, and arrived among the Chickasaws, where, being invited to a feast, and forced to partake of stewed prairie dogs, and to join in a barbarous dance, he became disgusted with his undertaking and returned home, a little disheartened, but yet not despairing.

Since his Indian undertaking, Mr Bartly has essayed many others He has formed an American Antiquarian Society, and undertaken an expedition to South America, on the good will and purses of his friends, but came back weakened and exhausted by the yellow fever, which he caught immediately upon landing, and which came very near overcoming Mr. Bartly, & thus putting an end to all

his plans.

He has written several very learned works on various subjects - all of which, strange to say, have found no readier sale than his first great production.

Mr. Bordly is getting to hope less and less for any amelioration in the fortunes of his house, but yet Mr. Bordly assures his friends that he will be true to his motto, although his motto prove false to him: and when last heard of, Mr. George Jeremiah Bordly, the great philanthopist mathematician, and natural philosopher, was about setting out for China, to offer to the Emperor a plan he has formed for the rebuilding and further strengthening of the great Chinese wall.

Commodore Truxton's

Farewell to Long-Island.

"The sea was his favorite element" (Glory of America)

By ΠΦΚΝ.

"Farewell to the scenes of my childhood,
"Long Island, farewell to thee!
My delight is in the heaving
Of the fearless, homeless sea.

There is pleasure in thy woodlands,
With their sun-illumined bowers,
There is pleasure in thy parterres,
With their balmy, dew-lipped flowers,
There is pleasure in the beauties
That adorn each shrub and tree,
But each hath no such pleasure
As the rushing, roaring sea

"The swells of a thousand anthems
That ring through thy mountain pines,
The sweet prayer of gentle warblers,
Ascending from their shrines,-
The sound of foaming torrents
Exulting in their glee,
Have no such charming music
As the thundering, booming sea.

"The breeze that is charged with sweetness
From the honey-dripping groves,-
The breath of balmy zephyrs
Which through thy valleys roves,-
The evening gale that's wafting
Its choicest fragrancy,
Bring no such pleasing odors
As the breathings of the sea!

"What reck of all rejoicing,
The laughter of the gay,
That breaks upon my hearing
From the cities far away,-

"The merry circling dances
Of the spirited and free?
All these, and more, hath ocean;
All these the smiling sea.

"They tell me of the tempests,
The howling of the blasts;
The roaring of the billows,
The creaking of the masts,
The tumult of the thunders
That shake the bellowing sea;
But what are all these dangers,
Long Island home, to me?

"They point me to the breakers,
The shallows and the shoals,
Whence rise ten thousand echoes
Of wave enshrouded souls;
They point me to my dwelling place,—
Long Island home, to thee,—
And lift their trembling voices;
'Oh part not for the sea!"

"But what are all the horrors
Of shallows and of shoals,
The breakers of the ocean,
The tombless, shroudless souls,
The voice of shipwrecked millions
That floats above the sea,
To one who loves the ocean,
Long Island! more than thee?"

So spoke the youthful hero
And launched upon the wave;
His thoughts were of Long Island,
Of all it had and gave.
His kindred and his loved ones
All rose upon his view;
The tears stood 'neath his eyelids,
As he whispered, - "home, adieu!"

—oOo—

High-Pressure.

Have you ever indulged in a trip upon a North river steamboat? If not, then allow me to give you a brief account of the nature of such a thing and to explain the manner in which you should pass your time upon the water.

Having run in great haste to the dock, reached it just as they are hauling in the gangway, made an extensive jump, much to the amusement of a crowd of ragged newsboys and the annoyance of a chunky little tar with a big whisker, whose hat you have knocked off in your hurry, got aboard, a ticket and a berth, you leave the Captain's office, adjourn to the bar, and take a nip. This being done, you walk out to the bows and take a look at the pigs and the Dutchmen, but disliking the looks of the

latter and the odor of the former, you walk aft, pass the bar, take a nip and a cigar, and make preparations for inspecting the State room hall; after which inspection you indulge in a quiet smoke, upon the upper deck, feel dry, take another nip, adjust your cravat, peep into the ladies' cabin, return to the hall, sit down, and observe the passengers. A Yankee pedler eulogizes "Dr. Conrad's corn Killer"; a venerable old fogie vilifies the Know Nothings; a cantankerous rummy depreciates the Maine-law; a corpulent old lady from the country expatiates upon the dangers of steamboat navigation, - and each to the delight of a separate audience. Yankee pedler has got the best lungs, old fogie the most gas, - rummy meets with most applause, and old lady has got the best audience and a bandbox. Gallantry of course first numbers you among the admirers of the fat lady, but growing tired of bursting boilers, steam boat explosions, and the clink of the tin life-preservers with which the fair orator is armed, and not liking old fogies or Yankee pedlers, you join the Maine-law convention. Boat makes a landing, - strikes the dock, - old lady staggers, falls into her bandbox, screams out "fire!" and faints. Passengers crowd around; rummy is left deserted; you signify your approbation of his sentiments & ask him to take a nip. Rummy consents, you adjourn to the bar, take a nip, & continue your walk. Take another nip; ballast box runs into you, - has knocked off, - quite crushed; you stoop down & pick up your hat; feel angry; take a nip, and sit down. Cotton bag comes up and asks you to get off of

that Dutchman; you refuse. another pipe comes up with a Dutchman in his mouth. You think it is time to go, - stand up, & look around. The barber-shop runs across the deck & the lamps commence to fight. You try to walk: the posts are all the time getting in your way; perfectly unmannerly posts. The lower deck tries to go up stairs: you conclude it is drunk, and try to get up there before it; you succeed; see a lot of men bobbing up and down; hear an awful noise, - every body is speaking; somebody says that Dr. Conrad got corned and ran ashore near Yonkers; that the Henry Clay got killed in five minutes, without causing any pain; that the Maine-law exploded on the North river, and the boiler of the Reindeer is unconstitutional & goes into effect on the first of May. You say you do not believe a word of it, and try to go down stairs. No use, - stairs wont stand still; all the time running around. You get desperate, make a jump, fall, and roll down. You pick yourself up, look around, and catch hold of a berth and ask him where your nigger is? He says down in the lower cabin. You do as the room tells you, go down, and look for berth No. 88, with two niggers in it. The tables are all the time tumbling over you, and the chairs are all standing on their heads. You find No. 88, roll in, and try to sleep. A fat curtain comes along, pulls the man aside, and says: "this is No. 8; this is my berth." You tell him it is not; he says it is; you tell him to get in there; he wont do it. You commence to fret, and he goes away in a snore.

The Dying Exile.

By K. A. Jonas.

Farewell, a long farewell to thee,
My own, my native land!
Now would to God that I were free
Upon thy rugged strand.
If but for one last look, to bless
Thy hill and deep blue sky,
And all my love to thee confess,
Then lay me down and die!

But now I am alone, and none
Will hear when I am dead;
Perchance ere sets that glorious sun
My spirit will be fled.
I watch him yet, and faintly smile
In death, to think that he
Will rise so bright upon that isle
Where I may never be!

Farewell, farewell; the sun's last gleams
Are sinking in the sea;
Along the shore the sea bird screams
Unheard, unrecked by me.
I feel my ebbing breath decay,
And fail my dark'ning sight,
Yet ere I pass away, away, —
My native land, good night!

The Goose-Quill

MAY 17. No. 14. 185[illegible].

Mrs. Bobkins' Chair.

Mrs. Bobkins was a firm believer in spirits, spirit-rapping, spirit-mediums, table turnings, ceiling evolutions, &c. Her theories in this regard were sublime by abstruse and original. She could not exactly determine the general residence of departed spirits, but she contended that they usually took up their habitations in mahogany tables and chairs. She likewise believed that after death the spirit of the departed one, if during life it had placed implicit confidence in all the doctrines of Spiritualism and in all the wonderful feats of spirit mediums, possessed the liberty of selecting some piece of furniture suitable to its taste, wherein to reside, and thus dominate, in some way or other not fully explained by Mrs. B—, it enjoyed supreme felicity. It was in this manner that she accounted for the evolutions sometimes described by a frisky table or a light legged chair, — all of whose freaks were to be attributed to the character of the spiritualised individual housed therein, — as such restless pieces of mahogany

she supposed were inhabited by very restless spirits; while the more sedate, antiquated articles of furniture, that scarcely ever moved about, were the habitations of demure and reverential old spirits, who were averse to much motion and who perhaps during their life-time had been afflicted with the gout or some such malady, & had thus become unaccustomed to make much use of their limbs.

But to come to my story. Mrs. Bobbins had a large, old-fashioned armchair, which she reverenced greatly, and of which she took excessive care, - for she was convinced that it enclosed the spirit of her dear old spouse and third husband, Mr. Bobbins, whom she had had the inexpressible grief of burying about a year before, and in respect for whose memory, during the space of three weeks posterior to his death, she had worn mourning and discontinued the use of rouge. The first, of course, she let every one know; the second she kept to herself, but her unusual paleness during that time, together with some testimony given by her chambermaid, let out the secret to her friends.

But why did Mrs. Bobbins suppose and declare that in this old-fashioned armchair dwelt her good man Bobbins? Mrs. B.— had come to this conclusion and belief from many reasons. She knew that Bobbins had always been exactly of her way of thinking; that he never had contradicted her but once, & that once she having been a little severe on Mr. Bobbins (the old cook who had lived many years in the family, told a queer story about this), thereafter till the end of his life he had always coincided in her opinions, including, of course, her theories about spiritualism: hence Mr. B— had acquired a right of selecting after death his spiritual residence, & many things had induced Mrs. Bobbins to think that her

departed husband had chosen this same old fashioned armchair for his retreat. In the first place, she remembered that Mr. B- during life had possessed an extraordinary predilection for this chair, which used to stand in a corner of the parlour; that he would invariably sit there of an evening, wrapped up in meditation, or else quietly listening to his better half's learned expositions, before a circle of friends, of all the doctrines of Spiritualism; at least this was the occupation Mrs. Bobbins used to attribute to his thoughts and silent reflections, although, to tell the truth, she never troubled herself much about what Mr. B- was doing provided only that he was not saying or doing anything in particular.

Besides this, one of her friends who held the same opinions as herself, and for whom, during his life, Mr. Bobbins had entertained a great regard, declared that on one occasion a few days after Mr. B's death, coming to pay a visit of condolence to her friend, on entering the parlour, this same armchair behaved in the most singular manner, dancing up to her, & appearing overjoyed to see her; but that suddenly, Mrs. Bobbins' footstep being heard on the staircase, it had resumed its place and appeared as grave and sedate as ever. This alone was convincing proof to Mrs. Bobbins, for her husband had always feared her displeasure for making any noise in the parlour, and had always stopped conversing with her friends as soon as she made her appearance. Many other circumstances of this nature corroborated Mrs. Bobbins' belief that the spirit of her deceased John was infused into this armchair. So sure of this was she that she would hold long conversations with her dear four-legged John, addressing him as he

"beloved Bobbins"- a title which must have sounded very strange to him,- and although she never was answered, she did not in the least wonder, for even during life, her dear John had ever been exceedingly silent and taciturn when she spoke to him. In giving directions to her servants, she was ever enjoining them to dust Mr Bobbins carefully, & it once happened that a servant maid was discharged for having rubbed one of her beloved John's front legs too roughly. Whenever any strangers came to the house, Mrs. Bobbins would desire them to allow her to introduce the spirit of her dear husband, and straightway she would conduct them into the presence of the venerable arm-chair, and repeat a formal introduction, at which some who shared Mrs. Bobbins' opinions and faith would give her beloved John a shake of his wooden arm.

Mrs. Bobbins never diminished her respect for the chair, and certainly Mr. Bobbins defunct, who inhabited it, could not but have been pleased with the attentions his wife paid him, and must have fancied that true connubial felicity commences only beyond the grave. Mrs. Bobbins often begged of her friends that when the time of her departure from this life arrived, she might be placed in this armchair & thus breathe her last in the arms of her beloved John. She has also procured a new rocking chair and furnished and adorned it for her future residence, in which, side by side with her beloved John, she expects to enjoy all the delights of a spiritual and mahogany existence.

THE BATTLE of TRENTON.

By Jonas

Part 2d

II.

Then rent the air a dreadful sound,
The deadly musket's rattling round,
The booming cannon's roar
Too late the slumbering Britons wake,
With hasty grasp their weapons take
And from the outpost pour:
Yet still they strive;- no dastards they,-
Awhile the rushing tide to stay
And bide its fearful stroke.
As well the feeble reed may stand
Erect, when tempests sweep the land
And rend the massive oak.
Upon their brows the sabres crash,
Within their breasts the bayonets clash,
Their heart-blood melts the snow.
Right forward moves the victor line,
Where rows of bristling bayonets shine
Their onward path to show.

III.

And now from Trenton's village come
The fifes shrill note, the beat of drum.
Not those the sounds, when morning's beams,
That rouse the soldier from his dreams,
And bid him don his bright array,
With pomp to hail the blushing day.
More hoarsely rolls the sounding drum,
To tell the hour of battle come;
More shrilly shrieks the piercing fife,-
It shrieks of death and danger rife.

III.

At the first note of war's alarms,
Tumultuous rush in angry swarms
The Hessian stern, the Saxon proud,
With wild halloo and curses loud
On those who dare, in rebel pride,
Believe they may their onset bide.
But all in vain they strive to gain
A space on Trenton's fleecy plain,
Their ranks to dress in meet array
The rushing of that host to stay.
In vain, O Rahl, thou strovest then
With wonted skill to range thy men.
They saw along that battled line
One dazzling beam of lightning shine;
They saw thee - presage of defeat -
Fall lifeless 'neath thy courser's feet,
Weltering in thy gore.

But stubborn still, the swaying band,
For pride, for vengeance yet would stand
That deadly storm before.

IV.

Trembled the earth, as o'er it then,
In headlong charge, a thousand men
Bore down upon their foe:
Silent and swift as the falcon's sweep
Resistless as the lion's leap,
Their weapons levelled low.
One instant through the murky haze
Glinted the bayonet's glancing rays;-
The next, their smoking points are seen;
The tyrant's blood has dimmed their sheen

V.

Hurled backward from that hedge of steel
In broken flight the Britons reel,
Nor wait a second blow.
As from the wave the spray is cast,
As leaves before the whirling blast,
In headlong rout they go.
In vain the fleeing host may seek
To 'scape the wrath which patriots' wreak
Upon th' oppressor's brow.
With joyous shout, upon their rear
Columbia shakes the vengeful spear
And claims her triumph now.
The whistling balls around them flew,

Not idly aimed, but swift and true;
The ringing sabre's cleaving stroke
Shivering through their helmets broke;
With eager thrust and frenzied force
The bayonet hurled the fregrent corse:
Swept from the scene the misty haze,
Type of the veil which Freedom wore,-
Burst on the eye the sun's bright rays,-
Freedom's sun - to set no more!

The End.

With the present number terminates our connection with the Goosequill. The pleasure which we have derived from our editorial labors & the attachment which we have conceived for our paper have induced us to prolong until now a career which we had originally intended to close at a much earlier period; and perhaps it will not surprise our readers to learn that it is with feelings of no ordinary regret that we reach that stage of our course when procrastination becomes no longer possible, & when the weighty duties which attend the closing portion of the student's year at last command us to lay down our Quill, lest we find it wearing ingloriously away until it cease to be a source either of pleasure to others or of honor to ourselves.

As our readers perceive, the present number contains an unusual quantity of poetry. Those who are prejudiced how-

ever against "that sort of stuff," must find our excuse in the fact that, as above stated, the Goose Quill is to be discontinued. For as we happened to have on hand two or three pieces of poetry, from highly esteemed correspondents, and intended to publish no other number for which a portion might have been reserved, we were compelled, in justice to our friends, to insert their communications in our present issue, although to the exclusion of one or two original articles in prose; a circumstance which, however trifling in itself, may, we have no doubt, be the accidental means of pleasing another class of readers to whom we have never yet referred, & of whom we now speak with considerable reluctance; but since we have gone thus far, it is only right that we should describe them more particularly, in order that our friends may fully understand our meaning. The class of which we speak is composed of a certain number of gentlemen who have ever withheld all the assistance and encouragement they might have given to the paper, but who invariably express the following sage opinion, upon the appearance of each successive number: "Oh, the poetry is middling, but the prose is no good: I never read it!"

The words need no comment; they are in themselves a sufficient reproach. However, before dropping the subject, we would ask if it never entered the heads of those individuals that if they have never read an article they are incompetent to form an opinion of it; that if incompetent to form an opinion, they should express none, - much less a bad one; and that if, under such circumstances, they do express one, their conduct is, to say the very least, uncharitable, illogical, and unjust?

Music.

By ΠΦΚΝ.

Spirit of Song, whose power divine
Indwells in Nature's boundless sphere,
As does the soul the clayey shrine
That circles its existence here;
With strength to vivify,
And winning grace to please,
With charm to wet the eye
And calm the heart to ease;—
Spirit of Song, we bring thee on this day
The humble tribute of a grateful lay!

Not in the tender lute alone,
Nor in the flute's exulting glee,—
Not in the harp's soft fingered tone
Is soul enchanting melody.
These are but Art's faint notes
Aped through the reed or string,
From Nature's tuneful throats
In summertide or spring,
Caught from the forest chorister's sweet tongue
As each entones his varied morning song.

There is a voice that fills the sky,
The air, the circumambient sea;
Hell-deep that voice, and heaven high
Its never ceasing melody.
A voice which angels know,
Which man hears and adores,
But which no voice below
In mimicked song restores;
The living Breath that animates the earth,
The Fiat which gives every being birth.

In silence deep, when time was not,
Wrapped in its own soft harmony,
That voice divine sang its own lot
Of unbegun felicity.
Tune the chord, tune the sound
That gave the uncreated lay;
Its notes, by space nor limits bound,
Still echoed on from age to age;

Till by the magic of its spell
And native power to will and be,
Its lays upon Nought's hearing fell,
And woke it from Nonentity.
Then rang new elements with songs
And sea, and land, and sky had voice;
The silvery stars had vocal tongues,
And bade the new-born Earth rejoice.

The humble shrub, the lofty oak,
The daisy low, the snow-ball proud,

Each had a string whose music spoke
In accents deep yet gently loud;
And all was one sweet unison
Of voices blent in strict accord,
While innocence 'midst smiles did own
The truth of the Creator's word,
That 'all was good', to ear and eye;
Till came the wilful one, whose pride
Had caused discordant harmony
Where God's blest Cherubim reside;
And forthwith, Nature's Key-note lost,
Creation's instrument of song,
Like the Aolian harp-string cast
At chance unto the breeze, lay long
Concealed in mute forgetfulness,
And hushed were all its strings unstrung;
Till He, the nations' Happiness,
Around it novel glory flung;
And angels woke once more the Chord
And shouted,- "Glory unto God
And peace to men;" for He, the Word,
Is born on Earth's long cursed sod.
The nations heard, and hearing, felt
The magic of the angels' lay.
The shepherds and the Magi knelt
Beside the Infant's crib to pray,
To worship and adore. Thence, on
The wings of all Creation borne,
Rang those blest spirits' welcome tone,-
"Jesus, the hope of Earth, is born!"

The

Propagation of the Faith.

We have been requested by one of the gentlemen of the house to publish the following receipt, handed to him by our centurion, which shows that St. John's College is not so deficient in zeal for the Propagation of the Faith as some at first imagined.

"Received of John K. Hassard, "of St John's College, $39.32, "being contributions from "the College students, for "the society for the Propaga- "tion of the Faith.

"Thomas S. Preston
"Secretary

"New York, May 3d 1855."

Although this sum speaks rather favorably for us, the more so as, we are informed by the centurion, it is the first contribution received by the Rev. Secretary from the whole diocese, we cannot but acknowledge that it might have been much better, and the fact that one or two individuals gave pretty large sums makes it evident that this is the offering, not of the whole College, but of the majority only. If the "annals of the Propagation of the Faith", sent to this paper some time since by "the Decurion Proper-Gander", be founded upon truth, it would also appear that this sum has not been collected without difficulty, and we trust that our fellow students will take advantage of the ample room for improvement thus presented, and that the next contribution will be still more creditable than the first.

Parting.

By Corncob - Esq.

When forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet tomorrow,
We still a Kind of anguish prove,
We feel a touch of sorrow.

Yet oh! what words can paint the tears
We shed when thus we sever,
If doomed to part for months, for years,-
To part perhaps forever?

Yet if our views are fixed aright
A sacred hope is given;
Though here our prospects end in night,
We'll meet again in heaven.

Then let us form those bonds above
Which time can ne'er dissever,
Since, parting in a Saviour's love,
We part to meet forever.

Letter

from

PISISTRATUS.

No. 4

Friend Ham,-

As you inform me that the Goose Quill is about to breathe her last, I think it my duty and my right, by claim of former acquaintanceship to attend by letter at her death bed. But, Ham, I wont weep over her approaching dissolution; first, because, to tell the truth, I have got out of the habit of weeping, and secondly, because Mistress Goose Quill is about to die a very pleasant death and will no doubt leave you, Ham, a large fortune in reputation and laurels, though I am sure she will forget to bequeath a little legacy of the same species of goods to her old friend and benefactor Pisistratus. But that does not affect me in the least; only I would wish, Ham, that you would own up and acknowledge that I have helped her to the acquisition of the fortune about to fall into your hands. Do this, and I am satisfied. Of course you should do it, and therefore (may I add?) of course you will do it. Let us shake hands then over her death bed, and exchange goodbyes. We never had the pleasure of seeing each other, yet we have been very good friends. I advised you, and I don't flatter myself one bit when I say that the advice was of much benefit to you and the Goose Quill.

But now farewell. The short period of our acquaintanceship has not been a disagreeable episode to either of us. May it hereafter claim from you some pleasant memories of

PISISTRATUS.

Friendship.

By R. A. Jonas.

Oh 'tis not when the summer breeze fans the green ocean
That the safety and strength of the bark can be shown,
And 'tis not in prosperity's hour the devotion,
The fervour, and truth of a friend can be known.
No, the bark must be proved when the tempest is howling,
When dangers and mountain waves close on her press;
The friend when the sky of adversity's scowling,
For the touchstone of friendship is the hour of distress.
Then comes the true friend who to guile is a stranger
The heart of the lone one to sooth and to cheer,
While his smile, like the beacon light blazing in danger,
Sheds a beam o'er the gloom of the hour of distress.
Oh 'tis sweet 'mid the horrors of bleak desolation,
While pleasure and hope seem eternally flown,
When the heart is just lit with the dear consolation
That a haven of happiness yet may be won.
Oh 'tis those whose life's path has been clouded & cheerless
Can feel that full burst of pure transport and bliss,
When the trusty and tried friend comes boldly & fearless
To share or relieve the dark hour of distress.
When prosperity's day star beams pure and unclouded
Ten thousand will mingle their shouts 'round its throne;
But oh! let its light for one moment be shrouded
And the smiles of the faithless, like shadows, are gone.
Past griefs may yet cease to be thought on, but never
Can time make the feeling of gratitude less:
May the blessing of God rest forever and ever
On him who forsook not in the hour of distress!

—ooo—

Kind readers and Generous Friends, -

Our task is now finished, and our editorial course is run: the former has derived a sweetness from your indulgent smiles and approval; the latter has been attended with success equal to our highest wishes and far surpassing our early expectations. When first we conceived the idea of editing the Goose Quill, we were actuated rather by a desire of amusing ourselves than by a hope of contributing to the amusement of others. As our paper grew older, we were gratified to perceive an interest in its contents and in its editors springing up around us, yet we were unaware of the number of friends we possessed until the time arrived for us to relinquish our editorial chair, - and we were even ignorant of our success when we penned the "Valedictory" which appeared in the original fourteenth number of the Goose Quill

Time wore on: a few months after Hamm had abdicated his editorial dignity, he was called upon to bid another farewell; - to

close his Collegiate career, and to part from scenes of happiness, from places endeared to him by the sweetest associations, - from friends whom he loved.

Little did he think in this parting moment that the Goose Quill would appear anew, to revive his memory in the minds of his friends; or that the gay compositions of his leisure College hours were to be the posthumous proofs of the attachment he cherished to his "Alma Mater."

Yet so it has happened, and our preface has explained the causes that have led to the reproduction of the foregoing pages, and to the offering of this little memento of former days.

We have much to be grateful for in your past patronage of our paper, and we will owe you much for your gracious acceptance of our gift; but we have one more favor to ask of you, - one more request to record on this our parting page.

Kind friends, in future years, when time shall have wrought changes in us all, - as he does in everything earthly, - when absence and separation shall have given birth to other interests and affections, - vouchsafe a pleasant thought to our days of compan-

ionship; and while you muse for a moment ober memories of Hans and his Goose Quill, spare, from your regrets o'er the past, a sigh to the friends of your boyhood.— Kindred to that which heaves our breast, as we bid you now a last

FAREWELL!